# THE SECOND BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

FANNY E. COE

# THE SECOND BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

BY

FANNY E. COE

This popular book, originally published in simple form suitable for teachers' use, is now issued in attractive gift form, with colored illustrations. In it are representative folk tales from many lands — America, England, Ireland, Germany, France, Scandinavia, and the Far East — and tales of many ages, from the oriental fable, the product of remote antiquity, to stories by living authors. The form of each story is such that the story-teller can read or tell it as it appears in the book, with only such slight modifications as an intimate knowledge of individual children would naturally suggest.

*Uniform with "The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller."*

*Illustrated in color.*

# THE SECOND·BOOK·OF·STORIES FOR·THE STORY~TELLER

FANNY·E·COE

The Riverside Press Cambridge

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# THE SECOND BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

·BELLEROPHON·SLAYS·THE·CHIMÆRA·

# THE SECOND BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

By FANNY E. COE

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

BOSTON AND NEW YORK
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The Riverside Press Cambridge

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TO THREE LITTLE SISTERS
ELIZABETH, HELEN, AND MARJORIE
THIS BOOK IS DEDICATED

# PREFACE

All signs of the times indicate that the story-telling age has returned. "Time doth run back and fetch the age of gold." But the places once held by bards and minstrels, gallant young troubadours and minnesingers are to-day being taken by mothers, teachers, library assistants, directors of boys' and girls' clubs, and playground and settlement workers. The once slowly recruited band of story-tellers bids fair to swell to a good-sized army. Moreover, with numbers comes organization and story-tellers' leagues are springing up all through our wide land.

The press has taken knowledge of this movement, and is valiantly furthering its success by printing stimulating guides on the technique of story-telling and collections of tales revealing both taste and judgment in their compilation.

*The Second Book of Stories for the Story-Teller* is a gathering under one cover of thirty-five stories suitable for the second grade. These stories are drawn from many nations and from widely differing sources. Folk-

tales, modern fairy-tales, and myths — the fields from which material for *The First Book of Stories for the Story-Teller* was drawn — have a generous showing in this second book; and there is added a new field as a source for stories. This is Real Life in which children of this age begin to take decided interest. Under this heading appear tales of child life, of child heroes, of adult heroes, and of animals.

While some old favorites are present, though in a simpler form than is usual, it is hoped that the collection, as a whole, will commend itself to teachers and to the friends of little children because of its fresh and unhackneyed material.

Mr. Herbert L. Willett, of the University of Chicago, has said: "It is not through formal instruction that a child receives his impulses toward virtue, honor, and courtesy. It is rather from such appeal to the emotions as can be made most effectually through the telling of a story. The inculcation of a duty leaves him passionless and unmoved. The narrative of an experience in which that same virtue finds concrete embodiment fires him with the desire to try the same conduct for himself. Few children fail to make the immediate connection between the hero or heroine of the story and themselves."

Because of this great principle of imitation,

a large number of the stories in this little volume have been chosen for their moral value. They present the virtues of persistence, faithfulness, truthfulness, honesty, generosity, loyalty to one's word, tender care of animals, and love of friends and family. Some themes are emphasized more than once. "Hans the Shepherd Boy," "The Story of Li'l' Hannibal," and "Dust under the Rug," teach wholesome facts in regard to work. "The Feast of Lanterns" and "The Pot of Gold" emphasize the truth that

"East or West
Hame's best."

Mother love is treated in the ever-beautiful myth of "Ceres and Proserpine," while filial devotion shines from the stories of "Anders' New Cap," "How the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went out to Dinner," and "The Wolf-Mother of Saint Ailbe."

That this collection may prove of genuine service to second-grade teachers, to busy mothers, and to social workers is the earnest wish of the compiler.

The grateful thanks of the compiler are due to the editor of *Books for the Bairns*, London, for permission to reprint "The Feast of Lanterns"; to Messrs. A. C. McClurg & Company

for one of Anna Wohlenberg's *Swedish Fairy-Tales;* to Messrs. A. Flanagan Company for one of Flora J. Cooke's *Nature Myths and Stories;* to Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons for "Teenchy Duck," translated from the French of J. F. Ortoli by Joel Chandler Harris; to The Macmillan Company for a version of Pocahontas, from Blaisdell's *Child Life Reader;* to the American Book Company for "Wondering Jack," from Dr. James Baldwin's *The Second Fairy Reader,* and for "Ceres and Proserpine," from Coe's *Third Reader;* to George H. Doran Company for a story from Agnes Grozier Herbertson's *Cap O' Yellow;* to Messrs. Ginn & Company for a selection from *The Jones Second Reader;* to the Milton Bradley Company, for two of Maud Lindsay's *Mother Stories,* and for one of Carolyn Sherwin Bailey's *Firelight Stories.* Grateful acknowledgment is furthermore rendered to Miss Carolyn Sherwin Bailey and to *Good Housekeeping Magazine* for permission to print "The Story of Li'l' Hannibal." By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, stories by Joel Chandler Harris, Eliza Orne White, Ella Lyman Cabot, Abbie Farwell Brown, Lucy Fitch Perkins, and Horace E. Scudder are included in this volume.

The compiler wishes especially to express her appreciation for many helpful suggestions as to material received from Mrs. Mary W. Cronan, teller of stories at various branches of the Boston Public Library.

FANNY E. COE.

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# THE SECOND BOOK OF STORIES FOR THE STORY-TELLER

## FOLK TALES

### THE HOBYAHS[1]

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Once upon a time there lived a little old man and a little old woman in a house all made of hemp stalks. And they had a little dog named Turpie who always barked when any one came near the house.

One night when the little old man and the little old woman were fast asleep, *creep, creep,* through the woods came the Hobyahs, skipping along on the tips of their toes.

"Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman," cried the Hobyahs.

Then little dog Turpie ran out, barking

[1] From *Firelight Stories*, published by Milton Bradley Company.

loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran away home again.

But the little old man woke from his dreams, and he said: —

"Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his tail."

So when it came morning, the little old man took off little Turpie's tail to cure him of barking.

The second night along came the Hobyahs, *creep, creep,* through the woods, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they cried: —

"Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman."

Then the little dog Turpie ran out again, barking so loudly that he frightened the Hobyahs, and they ran away home again.

But the little old man tossed in his sleep, and he said: —

"Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his legs."

So when it came morning, the little old man took off Turpie's legs to cure him of barking.

The third night the Hobyahs came again, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they called out: —

"Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry away the little old woman."

The little dog Turpie barked very loudly, and he frightened the Hobyahs so that they ran away home again.

But the little old man heard Turpie, and he sat up in bed, and he said: —

"Little dog Turpie barks so loudly that I can neither slumber nor sleep. In the morning I will take off his head."

So when it came morning, the little old man took off Turpie's head, and then Turpie could not bark any more.

That night the Hobyahs came again, skipping along on the tips of their toes, and they called out: —

"Tear down the hemp stalks. Eat up the little old man, and carry off the little old woman."

Now, since little dog Turpie could not bark any more, there was no one to frighten the Hobyahs away. They tore down the hemp stalks, they took the little old woman away in their bag, but the little old man they could not get, for he hid himself away under the bed.

Then the Hobyahs hung the bag which held the little old woman up in their house, and

they poked it with their fingers, and they cried: —

"Look you! Look you!"

But when it came daylight, they went to sleep, for Hobyahs, you know, sleep all day.

The little old man was very sorry when he found that the little old woman was gone. He knew then what a good little dog Turpie had been to guard the house at night, so he fetched Turpie's tail, and his legs, and his head, and gave them back to him again.

Then Turpie went sniffing and snuffing along to find the little old woman, and soon came to the Hobyahs' house. He heard the little old woman crying in the bag, and he saw that the Hobyahs were all fast asleep. So he went inside.

Then he cut open the bag with his sharp teeth, and the little old woman hopped out and ran home; but Turpie got inside the bag to hide.

When it came night, the Hobyahs woke up, and they went to the bag, and they poked it with their fingers, crying: —

"Look you! Look you!"

But out of the bag jumped little dog Turpie, and he ate every one of the Hobyahs. And that is why there are not any Hobyahs now.

# HOW THE SUN, THE MOON, AND THE WIND WENT OUT TO DINNER [1]

FANNY E. COE

ONCE upon a time the Sun, the Moon, and the Wind went to dine with their uncle and aunt, the Thunder and the Lightning. They said good-bye to their mother, the Evening Star, crossed the great dark arching sky, and came to the deep cave where live Thunder and Lightning.

Here a wonderful feast was spread, and all sat down to enjoy it.

Now the Sun and the Wind were very greedy. They bent their heads low over their plates and they ate and ate of every dish that was passed to them. They thought of nothing but themselves and the good food before them.

But the Moon remembered her mother at home. Of every delicious dish she saved a portion for the Star.

At last the evening was over and they returned to their home.

[1] A folk-story of India.

"Well, my children, what have you brought to me?" asked their mother, the Star.

"I have brought you nothing," said the Sun. "I was having a jolly evening with my friends, and, of course, I could n't fetch a dinner to you!"

"Neither have I brought you anything, mother!" said the Wind. "How it would have looked to be taking double portions of every dish!"

Then the Moon stepped forward. "Bring a plate, mother, for see!" She opened her hands and showered down rich fruit and delicious cakes which she had saved for her mother.

Then the Star turned to the Sun and said: "Because you forgot your mother at home, in the midst of your selfish pleasures, this is your doom. You shall burn, and burn, and burn with great heat, and men shall hate you. They shall cover their heads when you appear and seek the spots where your heat cannot beat upon them."

And that is why the Sun is so hot even to-day.

Then the Star turned to the Wind and said: "Because you also forgot your mother at home, in the midst of your selfish pleasures, this is your doom. You shall blow, blow, blow

the hot sand and dust before you until men shall hate you. They shall flee from your face to the cool hills and even to far-away lands where the trees and grass are not parched and shriveled by your fiery breath."

And that is why the Wind in the hot weather is so disagreeable.

Then the Star turned to the Moon and said: "Because you thought of your mother, in the midst of your happiness, receive my blessing. Henceforth your light shall be so soft, so cool, and so silvery, that all men shall delight in you and your beams. They shall seek to have you smile with favor upon all their loves and all their plans. They shall call you blessed."

And that is why the light of the Moon is so cool, and so bright, and so beautiful to this very day.

## THE LITTLE RABBITS [1]

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

"HONEY," said Uncle Remus to the little boy, "why don' you git some flesh on yo' bones? If I wuz ole Brer Wolf en you wuz a

[1] From *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

young rabbit, I would n't git hongry 'nuff fer ter eat you, caze you's too bony."

"Did Brother Wolf want to eat the young rabbit, Uncle Remus?" inquired the little boy.

"Ain't I done tole you 'bout dat, honey? Des run over in yo' min' en see ef I ain't."

The youngster shook his head.

"Well," said Uncle Remus, "ole Brer Wolf want ter eat de little Rabs all de time, but dey wuz one time in 'tickeler dat dey make his mouf water, en dat wuz de time when him en Brer Fox wuz visitin' at Brer Rabbit's house. De times wuz hard, but de little Rabs wuz slick and fat, en des ez frisky ez kittens. Ole Brer Rabbit wuz off som'ers, en Brer Wolf en Brer Fox wuz waitin' fer 'im. De little Rabs wuz playin' 'roun', en dough dey wuz little dey kep' der years open. Brer Wolf look at um out'n de cornder uv his eyes, en lick his chops en wink at Brer Fox, en Brer Fox wunk back at 'im. Brer Wolf cross his legs, en den Brer Fox cross his'n. De little Rabs, dey frisk en dey frolic.

"Brer Wolf ho'd his head to'rds um en 'low, 'Dey er mighty fat.'

"Brer Fox grin, en say, 'Man, hush yo' mouf!'

"De little Rabs frisk en dey frolic, en play furder off, but dey keep der years primed.

"Brer Wolf look at um en 'low, 'Ain't dey slick en purty?'

"Brer Fox chuckle, en say, 'Oh, I wish you'd hush!'

"De little Rabs play off furder en furder, but dey keep der years open.

"Brer Wolf smack his mouf, en 'low, 'Dey er joosy en tender.'

"Brer Fox roll his eye en say, 'Man, ain't you gwine ter hush up, 'fo' you gi' me de fidgets?'

"Der little Rabs dey frisk en dey frolic, but dey hear ev'ything dat pass.

"Brer Wolf lick out his tongue quick, en 'low, 'Less us whirl in en eat um.'

"Brer Fox say, 'Man, you make me hongry! Please hush up!'

"De little Rabs play off furder en furder, but dey know 'zackly what gwine on. Dey frisk en dey frolic, but dey got der years wide open.

"Den Brer Wolf make a bargain wid Brer Fox dat when Brer Rabbit git home, one un um ud git 'im wropped up in a 'spute 'bout fust one thing en den anudder, whiles tudder one ud go out en ketch de little Rabs.

"Brer Fox 'low, 'You better do de talkin', Brer Wolf, en lemme coax de little Rabs off. I got mo' winning ways wid chilluns dan what you is.'

"Brer Wolf say, 'You can't make gourd out'n punkin, Brer Fox. I ain't no talker. Yo' tongue lots slicker dan mine. I kin bite lots better'n I kin talk. Dem little Rabs don't want no coaxin'; dey wants ketchin' — dat what dey wants. You keep ole Brer Rabbit busy, en I'll ten' der de little Rabs.'

"Bofe un um know'd dat whichever cotch de little Rabs, de tudder one ain't gwine smell hide ner hair un um, en dey flew up en got ter 'sputin', en whiles dey wuz 'sputin', en gwine on dat way, de little Rabs put off down de road — *blickety-blickety*, — fer ter meet der daddy. Kase dey know'd ef dey stayed dar dey'd git in big trouble.

"Dey went off down de road, de little Rabs did, en dey ain't gone so mighty fur 'fo' dey meet der daddy comin' 'long home. He had his walkin' cane in one han' en a jug in de udder, en he look ez big ez life, en twice ez natchul.

"De little Rabs run to'rds 'im en holler, 'What you got, daddy? What you got, daddy?'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'Nothin' but er jug er 'lasses.'

"De little Rabs holler, 'Lemme tas'e, daddy! Lemme tas'e, daddy!'

"Den ole Brer Rabbit sot de jug down in de road en let um lick de stopper a time er two,

en atter dey is done get der win' back, dey up'n tell 'im 'bout de 'greement dat Brer Wolf en Brer Fox done make, en' bout de 'spute what dey had. Ole Brer Rabbit sorter laugh ter hisse'f en den he pick up his jug en jog on to'rds home. When he git mos' dar he stop en tell de little Rabs fer stay back dar out er sight, en wait twel he call um 'fo' dey come. Dey wuz mighty glad ter do des like dis, kaze dey done seed Brer Wolf tushes, en Brer Fox red tongue, en dey huddle up in de broom-sage ez still ez a mouse in de flour bar'l.

"Brer Rabbit went on home, en sho 'nuff, he fin' Brer Wolf en Brer Fox waitin' fer 'im. Dey'd done settle der 'spute, en dey wuz settin' dar des ez smilin' ez a basket er chips. Dey pass de time er day wid Brer Rabbit, en den dey ax 'im what he got in de jug. Brer Rabbit hummed en haw'd, en looked sorter sollum.

"Brer Wolf looked like he wuz bleedz ter fin' out what wuz in de jug, en he keep a-pesterin' Brer Rabbit, 'bout it; but Brer Rabbit des shake his head en look sollum, en talk 'bout de wedder en de craps, en one thing en anudder. Bimeby Brer Fox make out he wuz gwine atter a drink er water, en he slip out, he did, fer to ketch de little Rabs. Time he git

out de house, Brer Rabbit look all 'roun' ter see ef he lis'nen, en den he went ter de jug en pull out de stopper.

"He han' it ter Brer Wolf en say, 'Tas'e dat.'

"Brer Wolf tas'e de 'lasses, en smack his mouf. He 'low, 'What kinder truck dat? Hit sho is good.'

"Brer Rabbit git up close ter Brer Wolf en say, 'Don't tell nobody. Hit's Fox-blood.'

"Brer Wolf looked 'stonish'. He 'low, 'How you know?'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'I knows what I knows!'

"Brer Wolf say, 'Gimme some mo'!'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'You kin git some mo' fer yo'se'f easy 'nuff, en de fresher 't is, de better.'

"Brer Wolf 'low, 'How you know?'

"Brer Rabbit say, 'I knows what I knows!'

"Wid dat Brer Wolf stepped out, en start to'rds Brer Fox. Brer Fox seed 'im comin', en he sorter back off. Brer Wolf got little closer, en bimeby he make a dash at Brer Fox. Brer Fox dodge, he did, en den he put out fer de woods wid Brer Wolf right at his heels.

"Den atter so long a time, atter Brer Rabbit got done laughin', he call up de little Rabs, gi' um some 'lasses fer supper, en spanked um en sont um ter bed.'

"Well, what did he spank 'em for, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Ter make um grow, honey, — des ter make um grow!"

"Did Brother Wolf catch Brother Fox?"

"How I know, honey? Much ez I kin do ter foller de tale when it keeps in de big road, let 'lone ter keep up wid dem creeturs whiles dey gone sailin' thoo de woods. De tale ain't persoo on atter um no furder dan de place whar dey make der disappear'nce. I tell you now, when I goes in de woods, I got ter know whar I'm gwine."

## "HEYO, HOUSE" [1]

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

One evening Uncle Remus was telling the little boy a mighty tale of how Brer Rabbit got the better of ole Brer Lion. He ended in this way: "All de creeturs hear 'bout it, en dey go 'roun' en say dat Brer Rabbit sholy is got deze 'ere things up here." Uncle Remus tapped his forehead, and the little boy laughed.

[1] From *Uncle Remus and his Friends*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"I don't think Brother Lion had much sense," remarked the little boy.

"Yes, he had some," said Uncle Remus. "He bleedz ter had some, but he ain't got much ez Brer Rabbit. Dem what got strenk ain't got so mighty much sense.

"After Brer Rabbit done make way wid ole Brer Lion, all de yuther creeturs say he sholy is a mighty man, en dey treat 'im good. Dis make 'im feel so proud dat he bleedz ter show it, en so he strut 'roun' like a boy when he git his fust pa'r er boots.

"'Bout dat time, Brer Wolf tuck a notion dat ef Brer Rabbit kin outdo ole Brer Lion, he can't outdo him. So he pick his chance one day whiles ole Miss Rabbit en de little Rabs is out pickin' sallid for dinner. He went in de house, he did, en wait fer Brer Rabbit ter come home. Brer Rabbit had his hours, en dis was one un um, en 't wan't long 'fo' here he come. He got a mighty quick eye, mon, en he tuck notice dat ev'ything mighty still. When he got a little nigher, he tuck notice dat de front door wuz on de crack, en dis make 'im feel funny, kaze he know dat when his ole 'oman en de chillun out, dey allers pulls de door shet en ketch de latch. So he went up a little nigher, en he step thin ez a batter-cake. He peep here, en he peep dar,

yit he ain't see nothin'. He lissen in de chimbley cornder, en he lissen und' de winder, yit he ain't hear nothin'.

"Den he sorter wipe his mustach en study. He 'low ter hisse'f, 'De pot rack know what gwine up de chimbley, de rafters know who's in de loft, de bed-cord know who und' de bed. I ain't no pot rack, I ain't no rafter, en I ain't no bed-cord, but, please gracious! I'm gwine ter fin' who's in dat house, en I ain't gwine in dar nudder. Dey mo' ways ter fin' out who fell in de mill-pond widout fallin' in yo'se'f.'

"Some folks," Uncle Remus went on, "would 'a' rushed in dar, en ef dey had, dey would n't 'a' rushed out no mo', kaze dey would n't 'a' been nothin' 'tall lef' un um but a little scrap er hide en a han'ful er ha'r.

"Brer Rabbit got better sense dan dat. All he ax anybody is ter des gi' 'im han'-roomance, en den what kin ketch 'im is mo' dan welly-come ter take 'im. Dat 'zackly de kinder man what Brer Rabbit is. He went off a little ways fum de house en clum a 'simmon stump en got up dar en 'gun ter holler.

"He 'low, 'Heyo, house!'

"De house ain't make no answer, en Brer Wolf, in dar behime de door, open his eyes wide. He ain't know what ter make er dat kinder doin's.

"Brer Rabbit holler, 'Heyo, house! Why n't you heyo?'

"House ain't make no answer, en Brer Wolf in dar behime de door sorter move roun' like he gittin' restless in de min'.

"Brer Rabbit out dar on de 'simmon stump holler mo' louder dan befo', 'Heyo, house! Heyo!'

"House stan' still, en Brer Wolf in dar behime de door 'gun ter feel col' chills streakin' up and down his back. In all his born days he ain't never hear no gwines on like dat. He peep thoo de crack er de door, but he can't see nothin'.

"Brer Rabbit holler louder, 'Heyo, house! Ain't you gwine ter heyo? Is you done los' what little manners you had?'

"Brer Wolf move 'bout wuss 'n befo'. He feel like sum un done hit 'im on de funny-bone.

"Brer Rabbit holler hard ez he kin, but still he ain't git no answer, en den he 'low, 'Sholy sump'n nudder is de matter wid dat house, kaze all de times befo' dis, it been holler'n back at me, 'Heyo, yo'se'f!'

"Den Brer Rabbit wait little bit, en bimeby he holler one mo' time, 'Heyo, house!'

"Ole Brer Wolf try ter talk like he speck a house 'ud talk, en he holler back, 'Heyo, yo'se'f!'

"Brer Rabbit wunk at hisse'f. He 'low, 'Heyo, house! why n't you talk hoarse like you got a bad col'?'

"Den Brer Wolf holler back, hoarse ez he kin, 'Heyo, yo'se'f!'

"Dis make Brer Rabbit laugh twel a little mo' en he'd a drapt off'n dat ar 'simmon stump en hurt hisse'f.

"He 'low, 'Eh-eh, Brer Wolf! dat ain't nigh gwine ter do. You'll hatter stan' out in de rain a mighty long time 'fo' you kin talk hoarse ez dat house!'

"I let you know," continued Uncle Remus, laying his hand gently on the little boy's shoulder, "I let you know, Brer Wolf come a-slinkin' out, en made a break fer home. Atter dat, Brer Rabbit live a long time wid'-out any er de yuther creeturs a-pesterin' un 'im!"

## TEENCHY DUCK [1]

FRÉDÉRIC ORTOLI

*Teenchy Duck finds a Purse of Gold*

ONCE upon a time there lived in a village in some country (I do not know where, but

[1] Translated from the French by Joel Chandler Harris. From *Evening Tales*, published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

certainly nowhere near here), an old man and an old woman who were very poor indeed. They had never been able to save a single penny. They had no farm, not even a garden. They had nothing but a little Duck that walked around on her two feet every day singing the song of famine. "Quack! quack! Who will give me a piece of bread? Quack! quack! Who will give me a piece of bread?" This little duck was so small that she was named Teenchy Duck.

It so happened one day that Teenchy Duck was paddling in the water near the river's edge when she saw a fine purse filled with gold. At once she began to flap her wings and cry: "Quack! quack! Who has lost his beautiful money? Quack! quack! Who has lost his beautiful money?"

Just at that moment the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows passed along the road. He was richer than all the kings and emperors, but he was mean and miserly. He walked along with a stick in his hand, and as he walked he counted in his mind the millions that he had stored away in his strong-box.

"Quack! quack! Who lost his beautiful money? Quack! quack! Who lost his beautiful money?" cried Teenchy Duck.

"I have lost it," cried the Prince of the

Seven Golden Cows, and then he seized the purse full of money that Teenchy Duck held in her bill, and went on his way.

The poor Puddle Duck was so astonished at this that she could scarcely stand on her feet.

"Well, well!" she exclaimed, "that rich lord has kept all for himself and given me nothing. May he be destroyed by a pestilence!"

Teenchy Duck at once ran to her master, and told him what had happened. When her master learned the value of what Teenchy Duck had found, and the trick that had been played on her by the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows, he went into a rage.

"Why, you big simpleton!" he exclaimed, "you find money and you do not bring it to us! You give it to a big lord, who did not lose it, when we poor people need it so much! Go out of this house instantly, and don't dare to come back until you have brought me the purse of gold!"

Poor Teenchy Duck trembled in all her limbs, and made herself small and humble; but she found her voice to say: —

"You are right, my master! I go at once to find the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows."

But once out of doors the poor Puddle Duck

thought to herself sorrowfully: "How and where can I find the Prince who was so mean as to steal the beautiful money?"

Teenchy Duck was so bewildered that she began to strike her head against the rocks in despair. Suddenly an idea came into her mind. She would follow his tracks and the marks that his walking-stick made in the ground until she came to the castle of the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows.

No sooner thought than done. Teenchy Duck went waddling down the road in the direction taken by the miserly Prince, crying with all her might: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money! Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

### *Teenchy Duck's Friends go with her on her Quest*

Brother Fox, who was taking his ease a little way from the road, heard Teenchy Duck's cries, and knew her voice. He went to her and said: —

"What in the world is the matter with you, my poor Teenchy Duck? You look sad and broken-hearted."

"I have good reason to be," said Teenchy Duck. "This morning, while paddling in the

river, I found a purse full of gold, and gave it to the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows, thinking it was his. But now, here comes my master and asks me for it, and says he will kill me if I do not bring it to him pretty soon."

"Well, where are you going in this style?" asked Brother Fox.

"I am going straight to the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows," said Teenchy Duck.

"Shall I go with you?" asked Brother Fox.

"I'd be only too glad if you would," exclaimed Teenchy Duck.

"But how can I go?" said Brother Fox.

"Get into my satchel," said Teenchy Duck, "and I 'll carry you the best I know how."

"It is n't big enough," said Brother Fox.

"It will stretch," said Teenchy Duck. So Brother Fox got into the satchel, and Teenchy Duck went waddling along the road, crying: "Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

She had not gone far when she met Brother Wolf, who was passing that way.

"What are you crying so for?" he inquired. "One would think you were going to die on the journey."

"It is only too true," said Teenchy Duck, and then she told Brother Wolf about finding

the money-purse, just as she had told Brother Fox.

"Perhaps I can be of some service to you," said Brother Wolf. "Shall I go with you?"

"I am willing," said Teenchy Duck.

"But how can I go so far?" Brother Wolf asked.

"Get into my satchel," said Teenchy Duck, "and I'll carry you as I can."

"It is too small," said Brother Wolf.

"It will stretch mightily," said Teenchy Duck.

So Brother Wolf also got into the satchel with Brother Fox.

Teenchy went on her way again. She did n't walk very fast, for her satchel was heavy; but she never ceased crying: "Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

Now it happened, as she was going along, she came up with a Ladder, which said, without asking after her health: —

"My poor Teenchy Duck! You do not seem to be very happy."

"I should think not!" exclaimed Teenchy Duck.

"What can the matter be?" the Ladder asked.

Teenchy Duck then told her story over again.

"I am not doing anything at present," said the Ladder, "shall I go with you?"

"Yes," said Teenchy Duck.

"But how can I go, I who never walk?" inquired the Ladder.

"Why, get into my satchel," said Teenchy Duck, "and I'll carry you the best I know how."

The Ladder was soon in the satchel with Brother Fox and Brother Wolf, and Teenchy Duck went on her way, following the tracks of the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows, and always crying: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

Going along and crying thus, Teenchy Duck came to her best and oldest friend, the River.

"What are you doing here?" said the River, in astonishment, "and why are you crying so? When I saw you this morning you seemed very happy."

"Ah!" said Teenchy Duck, "would you believe it? I have not eaten since yesterday."

"And why not?" asked the sympathetic River.

"You saw me find the purse of gold," said Teenchy Duck, "and you saw the Prince seize it. Ah, well! my master will kill me if I do not get it and return it to him."

"Sometimes," the River replied, "a little help does a great deal of good. Shall I go with you?"

"I should be very happy," said Teenchy Duck.

"But how can I follow you — I that have no limbs?" said the River.

"Get into my satchel," said Teenchy Duck. "I'll carry you as I can."

Then the River got into the satchel by the side of the other friends of Teenchy Duck.

She went on her journey, keeping her eyes on the ground, so as not to lose sight of the tracks of the thief, but still crying for her beautiful money. On her way she came to a Bee-Hive, which had a mind to laugh because Teenchy Duck was carrying such a burden.

"Hey, my poor Teenchy Duck! What a big fat satchel you have there," said the Bee-Hive.

"I'm not in the humor for joking, my dear," said Teenchy Duck.

"Why are you so sad?"

"I have been very unfortunate, good little people," said Teenchy Duck, addressing herself to the Bees, and then she told her story.

"Shall we go with you?" asked the Bees.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Teenchy Duck. "In these days of sorrow I stand in need of friends."

"How shall we follow you?" asked the Bees.

"Get into my satchel," said Teenchy Duck. "I'll carry you the best I know how."

Then the Bees shook their wings for joy and swarmed into the satchel along with the other friends of Teenchy Duck.

She went on her way always crying for the return of her beautiful money. She walked and walked without stopping to rest a moment, until her legs almost refused to carry her. At last, just as night was coming on, Teenchy Duck saw with joy that the tracks of the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows stopped at the iron gate that barred the way to a splendid castle.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "I have arrived at my journey's end, and I have no need to knock on the gate. I will creep under."

*What befell Teenchy Duck at the Castle*

Teenchy Duck entered the grounds and cried out: "Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

The Prince heard her and laughed scornfully. How could a poor Teenchy Duck compel a great lord to return the purse of gold?

Teenchy Duck continued to cry: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

It was night, and the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows ordered one of his servants to take Teenchy Duck and shut her up in the hennery with the turkeys, the geese, and the chickens, thinking that these fowls would kill the stranger, and that her disagreeable song would forever be at an end.

This order was immediately carried out by the servant, but no sooner had Teenchy Duck entered the hennery than she exclaimed: —

"Brother Fox, if you do not come to my aid, I am lost."

Brother Fox came out of the satchel promptly, and worked so well at his trade that of all the fowls he found there, not one remained alive.

At break of day the servant-girl, whose business it was to attend to the poultry-yard, opened the door of the hennery, and was astounded to see Teenchy Duck come out, singing the same old song: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

The astonished girl immediately told her master, the Prince, what had happened, and the wife of the Prince, who had at that moment learned all, said to her husband: —

"This Duck is a witch. Give her the money, or it will bring us bad luck."

The Prince of the Seven Golden Cows refused to listen. He believed that the fox had only happened to enter his hennery by accident.

Teenchy Duck made herself heard all day, and at night the Prince said to his servants: —

"Take this squaller and throw her into the stable under the feet of the mules and horses. We will see in the morning what she will say."

The servants obeyed, and Teenchy Duck immediately cried: —

"Brother Wolf, if you do not come quickly to my aid I shall be killed."

Brother Wolf made no delay, and it was not long before he had destroyed the horses and the mules. Next morning, before day, the servants went to get the animals to put them to the ploughs and wagons; but when they saw them lying dead their astonishment was great. In the stable Teenchy Duck stood alone, singing in her most beautiful voice: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

When the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows heard the sad news, he became white with

rage, and in his fury he wanted to give his servants a thousand lashes for not having taken better care of the animals. But his wife calmed him little by little, saying:—

"My husband, give back to Teenchy Duck this purse you have taken, or else we shall be ruined."

"No," cried the Prince, "she shall never have it!"

All this time Teenchy Duck was walking up and down, to the right and to the left, singing at the top of her voice: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

"Heavens!" said the Prince, stopping his ears, "I am tired of hearing this ugly fowl squall and squawk. Quick! throw her into the well or the furnace, so that we may be rid of her."

"What shall we do first?" the servants asked.

"It matters not," said the Prince, "so long as we are rid of her."

The servants took Teenchy Duck and threw her into the well, thinking this the easier and the quicker way to be rid of her.

As Teenchy Duck was falling, she cried: "Come to my assistance, good Ladder, or I am undone."

The Ladder immediately came out of the satchel, and leaned against the walls of the well. Teenchy Duck came up the rounds, singing: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

Everybody was astonished, and the Prince's wife kept saying: "Give the witch her money."

"They would say that I am afraid of a Teenchy Duck," said the Prince of the Seven Golden Cows. "I will never give it up." Then, speaking to his servants, he said: "Heat the oven, heat it to a white heat, and throw this witch in."

The servants had to obey, but they were so frightened that none dared touch her. At last, one bolder than the rest seized her by the end of the wing and threw her into the red-hot oven. Everyone thought that this was the end of Teenchy Duck, but she had had time to cry out: —

"Oh! my dear friend River, come to my assistance, or I shall be roasted."

The River rushed out and quenched the fire and cooled the oven.

When the Prince went to see what was left of Teenchy Duck, she met him and began to repeat her familiar song: —

"Quack! quack! Give me back my beautiful money!"

The Prince of the Seven Golden Cows was furious.

"You are all blockheads!" he cried to his servants. "You never knew how to do anything. Get out of here! I will drive you off the place. Hereafter I will take charge of this witch myself."

That night, before retiring, the Prince and his wife went and got Teenchy Duck, and prepared to give her such a beating as they had no doubt would cause her death.

Fortunately, Teenchy Duck saw the danger and cried out: —

"Friend Bees! come out and help me."

A buzzing sound was heard, and then the Bees swarmed on the Prince and his wife, and stung them so badly that they became frightful to behold.

"Return the money to this ugly witch," groaned the unfortunate wife. "Run, or we are done for."

The Prince did not wait to be told twice. He ran and got the purse full of gold, and returned it to Teenchy Duck.

"Here," said he, "I am conquered. But get out of my grounds quickly."

Full of joy, Teenchy Duck went out into the road singing: "Quack! quack! I have got my beautiful money! Quack! quack! Here is my beautiful money!"

On her way home she returned the friends that had aided her to the places where she had found them, thanking them kindly for their help in time of need.

At break of day Teenchy Duck found herself at her master's door. She aroused him by her loud cries. After that, the family was rich and Teenchy Duck was well taken care of. If she went to the village pond it was only to tell her comrades of her remarkable way of gaining the beautiful money.

## WONDERING JACK [1]

JAMES BALDWIN

*The Brothers set out to seek their Fortunes*

ONCE there was a poor farmer who had three sons, — Peter, Paul, and Jack.

Now Peter was big, fat, red-faced, and slow; Paul was slender, awkward, and ill-natured; Jack was quick, and bright, and so little that

[1] A fairy-tale of Finland. From the *Second Fairy Reader*, published by the American Book Company.

he might have hidden himself in one of Peter's big boots.

The poor farmer had nothing in the world but a little hut that seemed ready to tumble down every time the wind blew. He worked hard, but it was all he could do to earn bread for his family.

The boys grew very fast, and by and by they were old enough to work. Then their father said to them, "Boys, I have taken care of you these many days when you were too little to take care of yourselves. Now I am old, and you are strong. It is time for you to go out and make your living."

So, early the next morning, the three boys started out to seek their fortunes.

"Where shall we go?" asked Peter.

"Yes, where shall we go?" said Paul. "Things have come to a pretty pass when one can't stay at home."

"Well, I am going to the King's palace," said Jack.

"And what will you do there?" said Paul. "You are a fine fellow to be going to Kings' palaces."

"I will tell you," said Jack. "The King's palace is a very grand place. It is built of white stones and it has six glass windows on the front side of it.

"But a huge oak tree has grown up right against the glass windows. The leaves are so many and so big that they shut out all the sunlight, and the rooms of the palace are dark even in midday."

"Well, what of that?" asked Peter.

"Yes, what of that?" growled Paul. "What have you to do with the oak?"

"The King wants it cut down," said Jack.

"Well, then, why don't his men cut it down?" asked Paul.

"They can't," said Jack. "The tree is so hard that it blunts the edge of every ax; and whenever one of its branches is cut off, two bigger ones spring out in place of it. The King has offered three bags of gold dollars to anyone who will cut the tree down."

"How did you learn all this?" asked Peter.

"Oh, a little bird told me," said Jack. "You see, I can read and you cannot. I am going to the King's palace to see if I can't earn those bags of dollars."

"Not till I try it," cried Paul; "for I am older than you."

"I guess I'll have the first trial," said Peter; "for I am older than either of you. Come along, boys, let's all go down and take a look at the big oak."

And so all three took the road that led to the King's palace.

*Their Adventures by the Way*

Peter and Paul went jogging along with their hands in their pockets. They did not look either to the right or to the left.

But little Jack skipped this way and that, noticing everything by the roadside. He watched the bees buzzing among the flowers, the butterflies fluttering in the sunlight and the birds building their nests in the trees.

He asked questions about everything. "What is this? Why is this? How is this?"

But his brothers only growled and answered, "We don't know."

By and by they came to a mountain and a great forest of pine trees. Far up the side of the mountain they could hear the sound of an ax and the noise of falling branches.

"I wonder who is chopping wood up there," said Jack. "Do you know, Paul?"

"Of course I don't know," growled Paul. "Hold your tongue."

"Oh, he is always wondering," said Peter. "You would think he'd never heard an ax before."

"Well, wonder or no wonder," said Jack, "I mean to go up and see who is chopping wood."

"Go, then," said Paul. "You will tire yourself out and be left behind. But it will be a good lesson to you."

Jack did not stop to listen to these words. For he was already climbing up the mountain toward the place where the chopping was heard.

When he came to the top, what do you think he saw?

He saw a bright steel ax working all alone and cutting down a big pine tree. No man was near it.

"Good morning, Mr. Ax," he said. "I think you must be tired chopping at that old tree all by yourself."

"Ah, master," said the ax. "I have been waiting for you a long time."

"Well, here I am," said Jack; and he took the ax and put it into his pocket.

Then he ran down the mountain and soon overtook his brothers.

"Well, Mr. Why-and-How," said Paul, "what did you find up there?"

"It was really an ax that we heard," answered Jack.

"Of course it was," said Peter. "You might have saved yourself all your trouble by staying with us."

After the boys had passed through the woods

they came to a great rocky place between two mountains. The path was narrow and crooked, and steep cliffs towered above it on both sides.

Soon they heard a dull sound high up on the top of a cliff. *Thump! Thump! Thud!* it went, like some one striking iron against stone.

"I wonder why anyone is breaking stones up there," said Jack.

"Yes, of course you wonder," growled Paul; "you are always wondering."

"It is nothing but a woodpecker tapping on a hollow tree," said Peter. "Come along, and mind your own business."

"Business or no business," said Jack, "I mean to see what is going on up there."

With these words he began to climb up the side of the cliff. But Peter and Paul stood still and laughed at him, and cried, "Good-by, Mr. Why-and-How!"

And what do you think Jack found far up on the great rock?

He found a bright steel pickax working all alone. It was so hard and sharp that when it struck a rock it went into it a foot or more.

"Good morning, Mr. Pickax," he said. "Are you not tired digging here all by yourself?"

"Ah, my master," answered the pickax, "I have been waiting for you a long time."

"Well, here I am," said Jack; and he took the pickax and put it into his other pocket.

Then he slid merrily down between the rocks to the place where Peter and Paul were resting themselves.

"Well, Mr. Why-and-How," said Paul, "what great wonder did you find up there?"

"It was really a pickax that we heard," answered Jack.

About noon the boys came to a pleasant brook. The water was cool and clear, and it flowed in shady places among reeds and flowers.

The boys were thirsty, and they stopped to drink. Then they lay down on the grass to rest.

"I wonder where this brook comes from," said Jack.

"Of course you do," growled Paul. "You are always trying to pry into things and find out where they come from. You are foolish."

"Foolish or not foolish," answered Jack, "I am going to find out all about this brook."

So, while his brothers went to sleep in the shade, he ran along up its banks, looking at this thing and that and wondering at them all.

The stream became narrower and narrower

until at last it was not broader than his hand. And when he came to the very beginning of it, what do you think he found?

He found a walnut shell out of which the water was spouting as from a fountain.

"Good morning, Mr. Spring," said Jack. "Are you not tired staying here all alone in this little nook where nobody comes to see you?"

"Ah, my master," answered the spring in the walnut shell, "I have been waiting a long time for you."

"Well, here I am," said Jack; and he took the walnut shell and put it into his cap.

His brothers were just waking up when he rejoined them.

"Well, Mr. Why-and-How," said Peter, "did you find where the brook comes from?"

"Indeed, I did," answered Jack. "It spouts up from a spring."

"You are too smart for this world," growled Paul.

"Smart or not smart," said Jack, "I have seen what I wished to see, and I have learned what I wished to learn."

### *Jack's Victory at the Palace*

At last the three boys came to the King's palace. They saw the great oak that darkened

the windows, and on the gateposts they saw a big hand bill printed in red and black letters.

"See there, Jack," said Paul. "Read that, and tell us what it says."

"Yes, I wonder what it says," said Jack, laughing. And this is what he read: —

NOTICE

Know all men by these presents: If anyone will cut down this oak tree and carry it away, the King will give him three bags full of gold dollars. If anyone will dig a well in the courtyard so as to supply the palace with water, he may wed the King's daughter and the King will give him half of everything.

The King has said it and it shall be done.

"Better and better," said Peter. "There are three tasks instead of one, and the prize is more than double."

"But it will take some one smarter than you to win it," said Paul; and he stroked his head gently.

"It will take some one stronger than you," answered Peter; and he rolled up his shirt-sleeves and swung his big arms around till their muscles stood out like whipcords.

The boys went into the courtyard. There they saw another placard posted over the door of the great hallway.

"Read that, Jack," said Paul. "Read it and tell us what it says."

"Yes," said Jack, "I wonder what it says."

SECOND NOTICE

Know all men by these presents: If anyone shall try to cut down the oak and shall not succeed, he shall have both his ears cut off. If anyone shall try to dig the well and shall not succeed, he shall have his nose cut off. The King in his goodness has so commanded, and it shall be done.

"Worse and worse," said Peter. "But hand me an ax, and I will show you what I can do."

The sharpest ax in the country was given him. He felt of its edge; he swung it over his shoulder. Then he began to chop on the oak with all his might; but as soon as a bough was cut off, two bigger and stronger ones grew in its place.

"I give it up," said Peter. "It cannot be done."

And the King's guards seized him and led him away to prison.

"To-morrow his ears shall come off," said the King.

"It was all because he was so awkward," said Paul. "Now, see what a skillful man can do."

He took the ax and walked carefully around the tree. He saw a root that was partly out of the ground, and chopped it off. All at once two other roots much bigger and stronger grew in its place.

He chopped at these, but the ax was dulled, and with all his skill he could not cut them off.

"Enough!" cried the King; and the guards hurried him also to jail.

Then little Jack came forward.

"What does that wee bit of a fellow want?" asked the King. "Drive him away, and if he does n't wish to go, cut off his ears at once."

But Jack was not one whit afraid. He bowed to the King and said, "Please let me try. It will be time enough to cut off my ears when I have failed."

"Well, yes, it will, I suppose," said the King. "So go to work quickly and be done with it."

Jack took the bright steel ax from his pocket. He set it up by the tree and said, "Chop, Mr. Ax! Chop!"

You should have seen the chips fly.

The little ax chopped and cut and split, this way and that, right and left, up and down. It moved so fast that nobody could keep track of it, and there was no time for new twigs to grow.

In fifteen seconds the great oak tree was cut in pieces and piled up in the King's courtyard, ready for firewood in the winter.

"What do you think of that?" asked Jack, as he bowed again to the King.

"You have done wonders, my little man," said the King. "But the well must be dug or I shall take off your ears."

"Kindly tell me where you would like to have the well," said Jack, bowing again.

A place in the courtyard was pointed out. The King sat in his great chair on a balcony above, and by him sat his beautiful daughter, the Princess. They wanted to see the little fellow dig.

Jack took the pickax from his other pocket. He set it down on the spot that had been pointed out.

"Now, Mr. Pickax, dig! dig!" he cried.

You should have seen how the rocks flew.

In fifteen minutes a well a hundred feet deep was dug.

"What do you think of that?" asked Jack.

"It is a fine well," said the King, "but it has no water in it."

Jack felt in his cap for his walnut shell. He took it out and dropped it softly to the bottom of the well. As he did so he shouted, "Now, Mr. Spring, spout! spout!"

The water spouted out of the walnut-shell in a great stream. It filled the well. It ran over into the King's garden.

All the people shouted, and the Princess clapped her hands.

With his cap in his hands Jack went and kneeled down before the King. "Sire," he said, "do you think that I have won the prize?"

"Most certainly I do," answered the King; and he bade his servants bring the three bags of gold dollars and pour them out at Jack's feet.

"But, father," said the Princess, "have you forgotten the other part of the prize?" and she blushed very red.

"Oh, no," said the King; "but you both are very young. When you are a few years older, we shall have a pretty wedding in the palace. Are you willing to wait, young man?"

"I am willing to obey you in everything," answered Jack; "but I wonder if I might not ask you for one other little favor?"

"Say on; and be careful not to ask too much," answered the King.

"May it please you, then," said Jack, "to pardon my two brothers?"

The King nodded, and in a short time Peter and Paul were brought around into the court-yard.

"Well, brothers," said Jack kindly, "I wonder if I was very foolish when I wanted to know all about things."

"You have certainly been lucky," said Paul; "and I am glad of it."

"You have saved our ears," said Peter, "and we are all lucky."

## THE FEAST OF LANTERNS [1]

*Wang Chih watches a Game of Chess*

Wang Chih was only a poor man, but he had a wife and children to love, and they made him so happy that he would not have changed places with the Emperor himself.

He worked in the fields all day, and at night his wife always had a bowl of rice ready for his supper. And sometimes, for a treat, she made him some bean soup, or gave him a little dish of fried pork.

But they could not afford pork very often; he generally had to be content with rice.

One morning, as he was setting off to his work, his wife sent Han Chung, his son, running after him to ask him to bring home some firewood.

[1] The story of a Chinese Rip Van Winkle. From W. T. Stead's *Books for the Bairns*.

"I shall have to go up into the mountain for it at noon," he said. "Go and bring me my ax, Han Chung."

Han Chung ran for his father's ax, and Ho-Seen-Ko, his little sister, came out of the cottage with him.

"Remember it is the Feast of Lanterns to-night, father," she said. "Don't fall asleep up on the mountain; we want you to come back and light them for us."

She had a lantern in the shape of a fish, painted red and black and yellow, and Han Chung had got a big round one, all bright crimson, to carry in the procession; and, besides that, there were two large lanterns to be hung outside the cottage door as soon as it grew dark.

Wang Chih was not likely to forget the Feast of Lanterns, for the children had talked of nothing else for a month, and he promised to come home as early as he could.

At noontide, when his fellow laborers gave up working, and sat down to rest and eat, Wang Chih took his ax and went up the mountain slope to find a small tree he might cut down for fuel.

He walked a long way, and at last saw one growing at the mouth of a cave.

"This will be just the thing," he said to

himself. But, before striking the first blow, he peeped into the cave to see if it were empty.

To his surprise, two old men, with long, white beards, were sitting inside playing chess, as quietly as mice, with their eyes fixed on the chessboard.

Wang Chih knew something of chess, and he stepped in and watched them for a few minutes.

"As soon as they look up, I can ask them if I may chop down a tree," he said to himself. But they did not look up, and by and by Wang Chih got so interested in the game that he put down his ax, and sat on the floor to watch it better.

The two old men sat cross-legged on the ground, and the chessboard rested on a slab, like a stone table, between them.

On one corner of the slab lay a heap of small, brown objects which Wang Chih took at first to be date stones; but after a time the chess-players ate one each, and put one in Wang Chih's mouth; and he found it was not a date stone at all.

It was a delicious kind of sweetmeat, the like of which he had never tasted before; and the strangest thing about it was that it took his hunger and thirst away.

He had been both hungry and thirsty when he came into the cave, as he had not waited

to have his midday meal with the other field-workers; but now he felt quite comforted and refreshed.

He sat there some time longer, and noticed, as the old men frowned over the chessboard, their beards grew longer and longer, until they swept the floor of the cave, and even found their way out of the door.

"I hope my beard will never grow as quickly," said Wang Chih, as he rose and took up his ax again.

Then one of the old men spoke, for the first time. "Our beards have not grown quickly, young man. How long is it since you came here?"

"About half an hour, I dare say," replied Wang Chih. But as he spoke, the ax crumbled to dust beneath his fingers, and the second chess-player laughed, and pointed to the little brown sweetmeats on the table.

"Half an hour, or half a century, — ay, half a thousand years, — are all alike to him who tastes of these. Go down into your village and see what has happened since you left it."

### *The Sad Consequences*

So Wang Chih went down as quickly as he could from the mountain, and found the fields

where he had worked covered with houses, and a busy town where his own little village had been. In vain he looked for his house, his wife, and his children.

There were strange faces everywhere; and although when evening came the Feast of Lanterns was being held once more, there was no Ho-Seen-Ko carrying her red and yellow fish, or Han Chung with his flaming red ball.

At last he found a woman, a very, very old woman, who told him that when she was a tiny girl she remembered her grandmother saying how, when *she* was a tiny girl, a poor young man had been spirited away by the Genii of the mountains, on the day of the Feast of Lanterns, leaving his wife and little children with only a few handfuls of rice in the house.

"Moreover, if you wait while the procession passes, you will see two children dressed to represent Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko, and their mother, carrying the empty rice bowl, between them; for this is done every year to remind people to take care of the widow and fatherless," she said.

So Wang Chih waited in the street; and in a little while the procession came to an end; and the last three figures in it were a boy and girl, dressed like his own two children, walking

on either side of a young woman carrying a rice-bowl. But she was not like his wife in anything but her dress, and the children were not at all like Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko; and poor Wang Chih's heart was very heavy as he walked away out of the town.

He slept out on the mountain, and early in the morning found his way back to the cave where the two old men were playing chess.

At first they said they could do nothing for him, and told him to go away and not disturb them; but Wang Chih would not go, and they soon found the only way to get rid of him was to give him some really good advice.

"You must go to the White Hare of the Moon, and ask him for a bottle of the elixir of life. If you drink that you will live forever," said one of them.

"But I don't want to live forever," objected Wang Chih; "I wish to go back and live in the days when my wife and children were here."

"Ah, well! For that you must mix the elixir of life with some water out of the Sky-Dragon's mouth."

"And where is the Sky-Dragon to be found?" inquired Wang Chih.

"In the sky, of course. You really ask very stupid questions. He lives in a cloud-cave. And when he comes out of it he breathes fire,

and sometimes water. If he is breathing fire, you will be burnt up, but if it is only water, you will easily be able to catch some in a bottle. What else do you want?"

For Wang Chih still lingered at the mouth of the cave.

"I want a pair of wings to fly with, and a bottle to catch the water in," he replied boldly.

So they gave him a little bottle; and before he had time to say, "Thank you!" a White Crane came sailing past, and lighted on the ground close to the cave.

"The Crane will take you wherever you like," said the old men. "Go now, and leave us in peace."

### *Wang Chih visits the Fire Dragon*

Wang Chih sat on the White Crane's back, and was taken up, and up, and up through the sky to the cloud-cave where the Sky-Dragon lived. And the Dragon had the head of a camel, the horns of a deer, the eyes of a rabbit, the ears of a cow, and the claws of a hawk.

Besides this, he had whiskers and a beard, and in his beard was a bright pearl.

All these things show that he was a real, genuine dragon, and if you ever meet a dragon who is not exactly like this, you will know he is only a make-believe one.

Wang Chih felt rather frightened when he perceived the cave in the distance, and if it had not been for the thought of seeing his wife again, and his little boy and girl, he would have been glad to turn back.

While he was far away, the cloud-cave looked like a dark hole in the midst of a soft, white, woolly mass, such as one sees in the sky on an April day; but as he came nearer he found the cloud was as hard as a rock, and covered with a kind of dry, white grass.

When he got there, he sat down on a tuft of grass near the cave, and considered what he should do next.

The first thing was, of course, to bring the Dragon out, and the next to make him breathe water instead of fire.

"I have it!" cried Wang Chih at last; and he nodded his head so many times that the White Crane expected to see it fall off.

He struck a light, and set the grass on fire, and it was so dry that the flames spread all around the entrance to the cave, and made such a smoke and crackling that the Sky-Dragon put his head out to see what was the matter.

"Ho! ho!" cried the Dragon, when he saw what Wang Chih had done, "I can soon put this to rights." And he breathed once, and the

water came from his nose and mouth in three streams.

But this was not enough to put the fire out. Then he breathed twice, and the water came out in three mighty rivers, and Wang Chih, who had taken care to fill his bottle when the first stream began to flow, sailed away on the White Crane's back as fast as he could, to escape being drowned.

The rivers poured over the cloud-rock, until there was not a spark left alight, and rushed down through the sky into the sea below.

Fortunately, the sea lay right underneath the Dragon's cave, or he would have done great mischief. As it was, the people on the coast looked out across the water toward Japan, and saw three inky-black clouds stretching from the sky into the sea.

"My word! There is a fine rain-storm out at sea!" they said to each other.

But of course, it was nothing of the kind; it was only the Sky-Dragon putting out the fire Wang Chih had kindled.

*Wang Chih visits the White Hare of the Moon*

Meanwhile, Wang Chih was on his way to the Moon, and when he got there he went straight to the hut where the Hare of the Moon lived, and knocked at the door.

The Hare was busy pounding the drugs which make up the elixir of life; but he left his work, and opened the door, and invited Wang Chih to come in.

He was not ugly, like the Dragon; his fur was quite white and soft and glossy, and he had lovely, gentle brown eyes.

The Hare of the Moon lives a thousand years, as you know, and when he is five hundred years old, he changes his color, from brown to white, and becomes, if possible, better tempered and nicer than he was before.

As soon as he heard what Wang Chih wanted, he opened two windows at the back of the hut, and told him to look through each of them in turn.

"Tell me what you see," said the Hare, going back to the table where he was pounding the drugs.

"I can see a great many houses and people," said Wang Chih, "and streets — why, this is the town I was in yesterday, the one which has taken the place of my old village."

Wang Chih stared, and grew more and more puzzled. Here he was up in the Moon, and yet he could have thrown a stone into the busy street of the Chinese town below his window.

"How does it come here?" he stammered, at last.

"Oh, that is my secret," replied the wise old Hare. "I know how to do a great many things which would surprise you. But the question is, do you want to go back there?"

Wang Chih shook his head.

"Then close the window. It is the window of the Present. And look through the other, which is the window of the Past."

Wang Chih obeyed, and through this window he saw his own dear little village, and his wife, and Han Chung and Ho-Seen-Ko jumping about her as she hung up the colored lanterns outside the door.

"Father won't be in time to light them for us, after all," Han Chung was saying.

Wang Chih turned, and looked eagerly at the White Hare.

"Let me go to them," he said. "I have got a bottle of water from the Sky-Dragon's mouth, and —"

"That's all right," said the White Hare. "Give it to me."

He opened the bottle, and mixed the contents carefully with a few drops of the elixir of life, which was clear as crystal, and of which each drop shone like a diamond as he poured it in.

"Now, drink this," he said to Wang Chih, "and it will give you the power of living once more in the Past, as you desire."

Wang Chih held out his hand, and drank every drop.

The moment he had done so, the window grew larger, and he saw some steps leading from it down into the village street.

Thanking the Hare, he rushed through it, and ran toward his own house, arriving in time to take the taper from his wife's hand with which she was about to light the red and yellow lanterns which swung over the door.

"What has kept you so long, father? Where have you been?" asked Han Chung, while little Ho-Seen-Ko wondered why he kissed and embraced them all so eagerly.

But Wang Chih did not tell them his adventures just then; only when darkness fell, and the Feast of Lanterns began, he took part in it with a merry heart.

# MODERN FAIRY TALES

## THE NECKLACE OF TRUTH[1]

JEAN MACÉ

ONCE there was a little girl named Coralie. She had but one fault. She told falsehoods. Her parents tried to cure her in many ways, but in vain. Finally they decided to take her to the enchanter Merlin.

The enchanter Merlin lived in a glass palace. He loved truth. He knew liars by their odor a league off. When Coralie came toward the castle, Merlin was forced to burn vinegar to keep himself from being ill.

Coralie's mother began to explain the reason for their coming. But Merlin stopped her.

"I know all about your daughter, my good lady," he said. "She is one of the greatest liars in the world. She often makes me ill."

Merlin's face looked so stern that Coralie hid her face under her mother's cloak. Her

[1] From *Home Fairy Tales.*

father stood before her to keep her from harm.

"Do not fear," said Merlin. "I am not going to hurt your little girl. I only wish to make her a present."

He opened a drawer and took from it a magnificent amethyst necklace. It was fastened with a shining clasp of diamonds.

Merlin put the necklace on Coralie's neck and said, "Go in peace, my friends. Your little daughter carries with her a sure guardian of the truth."

Then he looked sternly at Coralie and said, "In a year I shall come for my necklace. Do not dare to take it off for a single moment. If you do, harm will come to you!"

"Oh, I shall always love to wear it! It is so beautiful!" cried Coralie. And this is the way she came by the wonderful Necklace of Truth.

The day after Coralie returned home she was sent to school. As she had long been absent, the little girls crowded round her. There was a cry of admiration at sight of the necklace.

"Where did it come from? Where did you get it?" they asked.

"I was sick for a long time," replied Coralie. "When I got well, Mamma and Papa gave me the necklace."

A loud cry rose from all at once. The diamonds of the clasp had grown dim. They now looked like coarse glass.

"Yes, indeed, I have been sick! What are you making such a fuss about?"

At this second falsehood the amethysts, in turn, changed to ugly yellow stones. A new cry arose. Coralie was frightened at the strange behavior of her necklace.

"I have been to the enchanter Merlin," she said very humbly.

Immediately the necklace looked as beautiful as ever. But the children teased her.

"You need not laugh," said Coralie, "for Merlin was very glad to see us. He sent his carriage to the next town to meet us. Such a splendid carriage, with six white horses, pink satin cushions, and a negro coachman with powdered hair. Merlin's palace is all of jasper and gold. He met us at the door and led us to the dining-room. There stood a long table covered with delicious things to eat. First of all we ate —"

Coralie stopped, for the children were laughing till the tears rolled down their cheeks. She glanced at the necklace and shuddered. With each new falsehood, the necklace had become longer and longer, till it already dragged on the ground.

"Coralie, you are stretching the truth," cried the girls.

"Well, I confess it. We walked, and we stayed there only five minutes."

The necklace shrank at once to its proper size.

"The necklace — the necklace — where did it come from?"

"He gave it to me without saying a word. I think —"

She had not time to finish. The fatal necklace grew shorter and shorter till it choked her. She gasped for breath.

"You are keeping back part of the truth," cried her schoolmates.

"He said — that I was — one of the greatest — liars in the world." The necklace loosened about her neck, but Coralie still cried with pain.

"That was why Merlin gave me the necklace. He said that it would make me truthful. What a fool I have been to be proud of it!"

Her playmates were sorry for her. "If I were in your place," said one of them, "I should send back the necklace. Why do you not take it off?"

Poor Coralie did not wish to speak. The stones, however, began to dance up and down and to make a terrible clatter.

"There is something you have not told us," laughed the little girls.

"I like to wear it."

Oh, how the diamonds and amethysts danced! It was worse than ever.

"Tell us the reason you are hiding."

"Well, I see I can hide nothing. Merlin forbade me to take it off. He said great harm would come if I disobeyed."

Thanks to the enchanted necklace, Coralie became a truthful child. Long before the year had passed, Merlin came for his necklace. He needed it for another child who told falsehoods.

No one can tell to-day what has become of the wonderful Necklace of Truth. But if I were a little child in the habit of telling falsehoods, I should not feel quite sure that it might not be found again some fine day.

## ANDERS' NEW CAP [1]

ANNA WOHLENBERG

Once upon a time there was a little boy, called Anders, who had a new cap. And a

[1] From *Swedish Fairy Tales*, published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

prettier cap you never could see, for mother herself had knit it, and nobody could make anything quite as nice as mother could. And it was altogether red, except a small part in the middle which was green, for the red yarn had given out; and the tassel was blue.

His brothers and sisters walked about squinting at him, and their faces grew long with envy. But Anders cared nothing about that. He put his hands in his trousers-pockets and went out for a walk, for he did by no means begrudge anybody's seeing how fine he was.

The first person he met was a farm-hand walking alongside a load of peat and smacking at his horse. He made a bow so deep that his back came near breaking, and he was dumbfounded, I can tell you, when he saw it was nobody but Anders.

"Dear me," he said, "if I did not think it was the gracious little count himself." And then he invited Anders to ride on the peat load.

But when one has a fine red cap with a blue tassel, one is too fine to ride on peat loads, and Anders trotted proudly by.

At the turn of the road he ran up against the tanner's boy, Lars. He was such a big

boy that he wore high boots and carried a jack-knife. He gazed and gazed at the cap, and could not keep from fingering the blue tassel.

"Let's swap caps," he said, "and I will give you my jack-knife to boot."

Now this knife was a splendid one, though half the blade was gone, and the handle was a little cracked; and Anders knew that one is almost a man as soon as one has a jack-knife. But still it did not come up to the new cap which mother had made.

"Oh, no, I am not as stupid as all that!"

And then he said good-by to Lars with a nod; but Lars only made faces at him, for he was very much put out because he could not cheat Anders out of his cap which his mother had made.

Soon after this, Anders met a very old, old woman who curtsied till her skirts looked like a balloon. She called him a little gentleman and said that he was so fine that he might go to the royal court ball.

"Yes, why not?" thought Anders. "Seeing that I am so fine, I may as well go and visit the King."

And so he did. In the palace yard stood two soldiers with shining helmets, and with muskets over their shoulders; and when An-

ders came, both the muskets were leveled at him.

"Where may you be going?" asked one of the soldiers.

"I am going to the court ball," answered Anders.

"Guess not," said the other soldier, and put his foot forward. "Nobody is allowed there without a uniform."

But just at this instant the Princess came tripping across the yard. She was dressed in white silk with bows of ribbon. When she became aware of Anders and the soldiers, she walked over to them.

"Oh," she said, "he has such an extraordinarily fine cap on his head, that that will do just as well as a uniform."

And she took Anders' hand and walked with him up the broad marble stairs, where soldiers were posted at every third step, and through the magnificent halls where courtiers in silk and velvet stood bowing wherever he went. For, like as not, they must have thought him a Prince when they saw his fine cap.

At the further end of the largest hall a table was set with golden cups and golden plates in long rows. On huge silver platters were pyramids of tarts and cakes, and red wine sparkled

in glittering decanters. The Princess sat down under a blue canopy with bouquets of roses; and she let Anders sit in a golden chair by her side.

"But you must not eat with your cap on your head," she said, and was going to take it off.

"Oh, yes, I can eat just as well," said Anders, and held on to his cap, for if they should take it away from him, nobody would any longer believe that he was a Prince, and, besides, he did not feel sure that he would get it back again.

"Well, well, give it to me," said the Princess, "and I will give you a kiss."

The Princess certainly was beautiful, and he would have dearly liked to be kissed by her, but the cap which his mother had made he would not give up on any condition. He only shook his head.

"Well, but now?" said the Princess; and she filled his pockets with cakes, and put her own heavy gold chain around his neck, and bent down and kissed him.

But he only moved further back in his chair, and did not take his hands away from his head.

Then the doors were thrown open, and the King entered with a large suite of gentlemen

in glittering uniforms and plumed hats. And the King himself wore an ermine-bordered purple mantle which trailed behind him, and he had a large gold crown on his white curly hair.

He smiled when he saw Anders in the gilt chair.

"That is a very fine cap you have," he said.

"So it is," said Anders. "And it is made of mother's best yarn, and she knit it herself, and everybody wants to get it away from me."

"But surely you would like to change caps with me," said the King, and raised his large, heavy gold crown from his head.

Anders did not answer. He sat as before, and held on to his red cap which everybody was so anxious to get. But when the King came nearer to him, with his gold crown between his hands, then he grew frightened as never before, for a King can do what he likes, and he would be likely to cheat him out of his cap, if he did not take good care.

With one jump Anders got out of his chair. He darted like an arrow through all the halls, down all the stairs, and across the yard. He twisted himself like an eel between the outstretched arms of the courtiers, and over the

soldiers' muskets he jumped like a little rabbit. He ran so fast that the Princess's necklace fell off his neck, and all the cakes jumped out of his pockets. But he had his cap. He still held on to it with both hands as he rushed into his mother's cottage.

And his mother took him up in her lap, and he told her all his adventures, and how everybody wanted his cap. And all his brothers and sisters stood around and listened with their mouths open.

But when his big brother heard that he had refused to give his cap for a King's golden crown, he said that Anders was a stupid. Just think what splendid things one might get in exchange for the crown; and Anders could have had a still finer cap.

Anders' face grew red. That he had not thought of. He cuddled up to his mother and asked, —

"Mother, was I stupid?"

But his mother hugged him close.

"No, my little son," she said. "If you dressed in silk and gold from top to toe, you could not look any nicer than in your little red cap."

Then Anders felt brave again. He knew well enough that mother's cap was the best cap in all the world.

# DUST UNDER THE RUG [1]

MAUD LINDSAY

THERE was once a mother, who had two little daughters; and, as her husband was dead and she was very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home, but her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame, and could not run about the house; so she sat still in her chair, and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

In the spring there were birds, in the sum-

[1] From *Mother Stories*, published by Milton Bradley Company.

mer the wild flowers, in autumn the bright leaves, and in winter the great drifts of white snow; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear mother came home sick; and then they were very sad. It was winter, and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her little sister sat by the fireside and talked it over, and at last Minnie said: —

"Dear sister, I must go out to find work, before the food gives out." So she kissed her mother, and, wrapping herself up, started from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house, which was a welcome sight. She made haste to reach it, and to knock at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. When she had tried again and again, she thought that nobody lived there; and she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes

all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

"Dear me!" said the little girl, "this will never do!" And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half-circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and when Minnie saw this, she knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

"Well!" said the dwarfs, all together, for they always spoke together and in rhyme, —

"Now is n't this a sweet surprise?
We really can't believe our eyes!"

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment: —

"Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child."

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs, she came to meet them. "If you please," she

said, "I'm little Minnie Grey; and I'm looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and —"

Here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily: —

"You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright."

They were such dear funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper, they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept, because she was away.

They sighed when they said this; and after supper, when Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place they called Minnie to them and said: —

"Dear mortal maiden, will you stay
All through our fairy's holiday?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should."

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs, and wanted to help

them, so she thanked them, and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake with the chickens, and cooked a nice breakfast; and after the dwarfs left, she cleaned up the rooms and mended the dwarfs' clothes. In the evening when the dwarfs came home, they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes the most beautiful picture she had ever seen.

A picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles, so wonderful and beautiful that as she looked at it she forgot that there was work to be done, until the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds, and wash the dishes; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

"I believe," said Minnie, aloud, "that I will not sweep under the rug to-day. After all, it is nothing for dust to be where it can't be

seen." So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying: —

"There is the little girl who is so faithful and good"; and Minnie turned her face to the wall, for a little voice, right in her own heart, said: —

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps home as bright as star-shine."

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart.

"We see her! we see her!" called all the stars joyfully.

"Dust under the rug! dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the rug lay twelve shining gold-pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Minnie, in great sur-

prise; and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said: —

"Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A groat was all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for everyone."

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many things for the dear mother and little sister.

She never saw the little dwarfs again; but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.

## A NIGHT WITH SANTA CLAUS

ANNIE R. ANNAN

Not very long ago, and not far from here, lived a little boy named Robby Morgan.

Now I must tell at once how Robby looked, else how will you know him if you meet him in the street? Blue-eyed was Rob, and fair-haired, and pug-nosed, — just the sweetest trifle, his mother said.

Well, the day before Christmas, Rob thought it would be a fine thing to run down Main Street and see what was going on. After dinner his mother put on his fur cap and bright scarf, and filled his pockets with crackers and cookies. She told him to be very polite to Santa Claus if he should happen to meet him.

Off he trotted, merry as a cricket, with now a skip, and now a slide. At every corner he held his breath, half expecting to run into Santa himself. Nothing of the sort happened, however, and he soon found himself before the gay windows of a toyshop.

There he saw a spring hobbyhorse, as large as a Shetland pony, all saddled and bridled, too, — lacking nothing but a rider. Rob pressed his nose against the glass, and tried to imagine the feelings of a boy in that saddle. He might have stood there all day, had not a ragged little fellow pulled his coat. "Would n't you jist like that popgun?" he piped.

"Catch me looking at popguns!" said Rob, shortly. But when he saw how tattered the

boy's jacket was, he said more softly, "P'r'aps you'd like a cooky."

"Try me wunst!" said the shrill little voice.

There was a queer lump in Rob's throat as he emptied one pocket of its cakes and thrust them into the dirty, eager hands. Then he marched down the street without so much as glancing at that glorious steed again.

Brighter and brighter grew the windows, more and more full of toys. At last our boy stood, with open eyes and mouth, before a great store lighted from top to bottom, for it was growing dark. Rob came near taking off his cap and saying, "How do you do, sir?"

To whom? you ask. Why to an image of Santa Claus, the size of life, holding a Christmas tree filled with wonderful fruit.

Soon a happy thought struck Rob. "Surely this must be Santa Claus's own store, where he comes to fill his basket with toys! What if I were to hide there and wait for him?"

As I said, he was a brave little chap, and he walked straight into the store with the stream of big people. Everybody was busy. No one had time to look at our mite of a Rob. He tried in vain to find a quiet corner, till he caught sight of some winding stairs that led up to the next story. He crept up, scarcely daring to breathe.

What a fairyland! Toys everywhere! Oceans of toys! Nothing but toys! Excepting one happy little boy! Think of fifty great rocking-horses in a pile; of whole flocks of woolly sheep and curly dogs, with the real bark in them; stacks of drums; regiments of soldiers armed to the teeth; companies of firemen drawing their hose-carts; no end of wheelbarrows and velocipedes!

Rob screwed his knuckles into his eyes, as a gentle hint, that they had better not play him any tricks, and then stared with might and main.

Suddenly Rob thought he heard a footstep on the stairs. Fearing to be caught, he hid behind a baby-wagon. No one came, however, and as he felt rather hungry, he took out the remaining cakes and had a fine supper.

Why did n't Santa Claus come?

Rob was really getting sleepy. He stretched out his tired legs, and, turning one of the woolly sheep on its side, pillowed his curly head upon it. It was so nice to lie there, looking up at the ceiling hung with toys, and with the faint hum of voices in his ears. The blue eyes grew more and more heavy. Rob was fast asleep.

Midnight! The bells rang loud and clear, as if they had great news to tell the world. What

noise is that besides the bells? And look, oh, look! who is that striding up the room with a great basket on his back? He has stolen his coat from a polar bear, and his cap, too, I declare! His boots are of red leather and reach to his knees. His coat and cap are trimmed with wreaths of holly, bright with scarlet berries.

Good sir, let us see your face, — why! that is the best part of him, — so round and so ruddy, such twinkling eyes, and such a merry look about those dimples! But see his long white beard, — can he be old?

Oh, very, very old! Over nineteen hundred years! Is that not a long life, little ones? But he has a young heart, — this dear old man, — and a kind one. Can you guess his name? "Hurrah for Santa Claus!" Right! — the very one.

He put his basket down near Robby, and with his back turned to him shook the snow from his fur coat. Some of the flakes fell on Rob's face and roused him from his sleep. Opening his eyes, he saw the white figure, but did not stir nor cry out, lest the vision should vanish.

But bless his big heart! *he* had no idea of vanishing till his night's work was done. He took a large book from his pocket, opened to the first page, and looked at it very closely.

"Tommy Turner" was written at the top,

and just below was a little map, — yes, there was Tommy's heart mapped out like a country. Part of the land was marked *good*, part of it *bad*. Here and there were little flags to point out places where battles had been fought during the year. Some of them were black and some white; wherever a good feeling had won the fight, there was a white one.

"Tommy Turner," said Santa Claus aloud, — "six white flags, three black ones. That leaves only three presents for Tommy: but we must see what can be done for him."

So he bustled among the toys, and soon had a ball, a horse, and a Noah's ark tied up in a parcel, which he tossed into the basket.

Name after name was read off, some of them belonging to Rob's playmates, and you may be sure that the little boy listened with his heart in his mouth.

"Robby Morgan!" said Santa Claus.

In his excitement that small lad nearly upset the cart, but Santa did not notice it.

"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven" — Rob's breath came very short — "whites!"

He almost clapped his hands.

"One, two, three, *blacks!* Now I wonder what that little chap would like — here's a drum, a box of tools, a knife, a menagerie. If he had n't run away from school that day,

and then told a lie about it, I'd give him a rocking-horse."

Rob groaned in anguish of spirit.

"But, bless him! he's a fine little fellow, and perhaps he will do better next year if I give him the horse."

That was too much for our boy. With a "hurrah" he jumped up and turned a somerset right at Santa Claus's feet.

"Stars and stripes!" cried Santa, "what's this?"

"Come along, I'll show you the one," cried Rob.

Santa Claus allowed himself to be led off to the pile of horses. You may believe that Rob's sharp eyes soon picked out the one with the longest tail and the thickest mane.

"Well, he beats all the boys that ever I saw! What shall I do with the little spy?"

"O dear Santa Claus!" cried Robby, hugging the red boots, "do just take me along with you; I'll stick tight when you slide down the chimney."

"Yes, I guess you will stick tight — in the chimney, my little man."

"I mean to your back," half sobbed Rob.

Santa Claus can't bear to see little folks in trouble, so he took the boy into his arms, and asked him where he wanted to go.

"To Tommy Turner's, and oh, you know that boy in the awful old jacket that likes popguns," was the breathless reply.

Of course he knew him, for he knows every boy and girl in Christendom; so a popgun was added to the medley of toys. Santa Claus then strapped Rob and the basket on his back. He next crept through an open window to a ladder he had placed there, down which he ran as nimbly as a squirrel. The reindeer before the sledge were in a hurry to be off, and tinkled their silver bells right merrily. An instant more, and they were snugly tucked up in the white robes, — an instant more, and they were flying like the wind over the snow.

Ah! Tommy's home. Santa Claus sprang out, placed the light ladder against the house, and before Rob could wink, — a good fair wink, — they were on the roof making for the chimney. Whether it swallowed him, or he swallowed it, is still a puzzle to Robby.

Tommy lay sleeping in his little bed and dreaming of a merry Christmas. His rosy mouth was puckered into something between a whistle and a smile. Rob longed to give him a friendly punch, but Santa Claus shook his head. They filled his stocking and hurried away, for empty little stockings the world over were waiting for that generous hand.

On they sped again, never stopping until they came to a wretched little hovel. A black pipe instead of a chimney was sticking through the roof.

Rob thought, "Now I guess he'll *have* to give it up." But no, he softly pushed the door open and stepped in.

On a ragged cot lay the urchin to whom Robby had given the cookies. One of them, half-eaten, was still clutched in his hand. Santa Claus gently opened the other little fist and put the popgun into it.

"Give him my drum," whispered Rob, and Santa Claus, without a word, placed it near the rumpled head.

How swiftly they flew under the bright stars! How sweetly rang the bells!

When Santa Claus reined up at Robby's door, he found his little comrade fast asleep. He laid him tenderly in his crib, and drew off a stocking, which he filled with the smaller toys. The rocking-horse he placed close to the crib, that Rob might mount him on Christmas morning.

A kiss, and he was gone.

P.S. Rob's mother says it was all a dream, but he declares that "it's true as Fourth of July!" *I* prefer to take his word for it.

# THE STORY OF LI'L' HANNIBAL[1]

CAROLYN SHERWIN BAILEY

Once on a time, 'way down South, there lived a little boy named Hannibal, Li'l' Hannibal. He lived along with his gran'mammy and his gran'daddy in a li'l' one-story log cabin that was set right down in a cotton field. Well, from morning until night, Li'l' Hannibal's gran'mammy kept him toting things. As soon as he woke up in the morning it was:

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch a pine knot and light the kitchen fire."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch the tea-kettle to the well and get some water for the tea."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, mix a li'l' hoecake for your gran'daddy's brea'fus'."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, take the bunch of turkeys' feathers and dust the hearth."

And from morning until night Li'l' Hannibal's gran'daddy kept him toting things, too.

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal," his gran'daddy would say, "fetch the corn and feed the turkeys."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, take your li'l' ax and chop some lightwood for your gran'mammy's fire."

[1] From *Good Housekeeping Magazine.*

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, run 'round to the store and buy a bag of flour."

"Oh, Li'l' Hannibal, fetch your basket and pick a li'l' cotton off the edge of the field."

So they kept poor little Hannibal toting 'most all day long, and he had only four or five hours to play.

Well, one morning Li'l' Hannibal woke up and he made up his mind to something. Before they could ask him to light the kitchen fire, or fill the tea-kettle, or mix the hoecake, or dust the hearth, or feed the turkeys, or chop any wood, or go to the store, or pick any cotton, he had made up his mind that he was not going to tote for his gran'mammy and his gran'daddy any longer. He was going to run away!

So Li'l' Hannibal got out of bed very quietly. He put on his li'l' trousers, and his li'l' shirt and his li'l' suspenders and his li'l' shoes — he never wore stockings. He pulled his li'l' straw hat down tight over his ears and then Li'l' Hannibal ran away!

He went down the road past all the cabins. He went under the fence and across the cotton fields. He went through the pine grove past the schoolhouse, stooping down low so the schoolmistress would n't see him, and then he went 'way, 'way off into the country.

When he was a long way from town, Li'l' Hannibal met a Possum loping along by the edge of the road, and the Possum stopped and looked at Li'l' Hannibal.

"How do? Where you goin', Li'l' Hannibal?" asked the Possum.

Li'l' Hannibal sat down by the side of the road and he took off his straw hat to fan himself, for he felt quite warm, and he said: —

"I done run away, Br'er Possum. My gran'mammy and my gran'daddy kep' me totin', totin' for them all the time. I does n't like to work, Br'er Possum."

"Po' Li'l' Hannibal!" said the Possum, sitting up and scratching himself. "Any special place you boun' for?"

"I don't reckon so," said Li'l' Hannibal, for he was getting tired and he had come away without any breakfast.

"You come along of me, Li'l' Hannibal," said the Possum; "I reckon I kin take you somewhere."

So the Possum and Li'l' Hannibal went along together, the Possum loping along by the side of the road and Li'l' Hannibal going very slowly in the middle of the road, for his shoes were full of sand and it hurt his toes. They went on and on until they came, all at

once, to a sort of open space in the woods and then they stopped. There was a big company there — Br'er Rabbit, and Br'er Partridge, and Br'er Jay Bird and Br'er Robin, and Ol' Miss Guinea Hen.

"Here's Po' Li'l' Hannibal come to see you," said the Possum. "Li'l' Hannibal done run away from his gran'mammy and gran'-daddy."

Li'l' Hannibal hung his head like as if he was ashamed, but nobody noticed him. They were all as busy as they could be, so he just sat down on a pine stump and watched them.

Each one had his own special work and he was keeping at it right smart. Br'er Robin was gathering all the holly berries from the south side of the holly tree and singing as he worked: —

"Cheer up, cheer-u-up!"

Br'er Partridge was building a new house down low in the bushes. As he hurried back and forth with twigs, he would stop and drum a little, he felt so happy to be busy.

Br'er Jay Bird was taking corn Down Below. You know that is what Br'er Jay Bird does all the time: takes one kernel of corn in his bill to the people Down Below and then comes

back for another. It is a very long trip to take with one kernel of corn, but Br'er Jay Bird does n't seem to mind.

Ol' Miss Guinea Hen was almost the busiest of the whole company, for she was laying eggs. As soon as ever she had had one she would get up on a low branch and screech, "Catch it! Catch it! Catch it!" like to deafen everybody.

But Li'l' Hannibal was most interested to see what Br'er Rabbit was doing. Br'er Rabbit had on a li'l' apron, and he kept bringing things in his market-basket. Then he cooked the things over a fire in back in the bushes, and when it got to be late in the afternoon, he spread a tablecloth on a big stump and then he pounded on his stew-pan with his soup-ladle. "Supper's ready," said Br'er Rabbit.

Then Br'er Robin and Br'er Partridge and Br'er Jay Bird and Br'er Possum and Ol' Miss Guinea Hen all scrambled to their places at the table and Li'l' Hannibal tried to find a place to sit at, but there was n't any for him.

"Po' Li'l' Hannibal!" said Br'er Rabbit as he poured the soup. "Does n't like work! Cyant have no supper!"

"Catch him! Catch him!" said Ol' Miss

Guinea Hen, but no one did it. They were all too busy eating.

They had a grand supper. There was breakfast strip, and roast turkey and fried chicken, and mutton and rice and hominy and sweet potatoes and peas and beans and baked apples and cabbage and hoecake and hot biscuits and corn muffins and butter-cakes and waffles and maple syrup.

When they were through eating, it was quite dark, and they all went home, even Br'er Possum, and they left Li'l' Hannibal sitting there all by himself.

Well, after a while it began to get darker. Br'er Mocking Bird came out, and he looked at Li'l' Hannibal and then he began to scream, just like Ol' Miss Guinea Hen: —

"Catch him! Catch him! Catch him!"

Br'er Screech Owl looked down from a tree and he said very hoarsely: —

"Who! Who! Who-oo!"

Then all the frogs began to say, loud and shrill, —

"Li'l' Hannibal! Li'l' Hannibal!"

So Li'l' Hannibal got up from his pine stump and he said, "I reckon I better go home to my gran'mammy."

Well, Li'l' Hannibal started for home slowly, because his feet hurt and he was hungry. When he came to the pine grove by the schoolhouse the shadows came out from behind the trees and followed him, and that was much worse than seeing the schoolmistress. But Li'l' Hannibal got away from them all right. He crawled under the fence and ran across the cotton field and there in the door of the cabin was his gran'daddy with a lantern. His gran'daddy had been out looking for Li'l' Hannibal.

"Why, Li'l' Hannibal, where you been all day?" asked his gran'daddy.

"Oh, Li'l' Han,' said his gran'mammy, "here's your corn mush, I kep' it warm on the hearth, but afore you eat your supper, Li'l' Han, jus' take your li'l' basket and run 'round to the chicken house for a couple of eggs."

So Li'l' Hannibal took his li'l' basket and he started for those eggs, singing all the way. You see, he reckoned he was mighty glad to be at home, and toting again.

# HOW WRY-FACE PLAYED A TRICK ON ONE-EYE, THE POTATO-WIFE[1]

AGNES GROZIER HERBERTSON

## *The Overturned Cart*

One day, as Oh-I-Am the Wizard went over Three-Tree Common, his shoe became unstringed, and he bent down to refasten it. Then he saw Wry-Face, the gnome, hiding among the bracken and looking as mischievous as anything. In one hand he held a white fluff-feather. Now these feathers are as light as anything, and will blow in the wind; and whatever they are placed under, whether light or heavy, they are bound to topple over as soon as the wind blows.

As Oh-I-Am tied his shoe he saw Wry-Face place his fluff-feather carefully in the roadway; and at the same moment there came along One-Eye, the potato-wife, with her cart full of potatoes. The cart went rumble, crumble, crack, crack, crack, over the

[1] From *Cap o' Yellow*, published by George H. Doran Company.

leaves and twigs, and One-Eye sang to her donkey: —

"Steady, steady,
We're always ready," —

in a most cheerful voice.

Then the cart came to the fluff-feather, and over it went — crash, bang, splutter; and the potatoes flew everywhere, like rain.

Wry-Face, the gnome, laughed to himself so that he ached, and he rolled over the ground with mirth. Then he flew away, laughing as he went.

But One-Eye, the potato-wife, was not laughing. Her tears went drip-drip as she started to gather her potatoes together. And as to getting her cart straight again, she did not know how she was to do it.

But when she turned round from gathering together the potatoes, she found that the cart was all right again, since Oh-I-Am the Wizard had straightened it for her, and the donkey was standing on his legs, none the worse for his fall.

Oh-I-Am looked stern and straight in his brown robe which trailed behind him. He said: —

"One-Eye, have you got all your potatoes together?"

One-Eye still wept. She said, "No, I have

not found all of them, for some have wandered far. And I must not seek further, for this is market-day, and I must away to the town."

And she began to gather up the potatoes, and drop them into the cart, thud, thud, thud.

Oh-I-Am stooped then, and he, too, gathered up the potatoes; and he threw them into the cart splish-splash-splutter!

"Alas!" said One-Eye, "if you throw them into the cart, splish-splash-splutter, you will bruise and break them. You must throw them in gently, thud, thud, thud."

So Oh-I-Am held back his anger, and he threw the potatoes in gently, thud, thud, thud. But when the potato-wife had gone on her way, he flew off to his Brown House by the Brown Bramble; and he began to weave a spell.

He put into it a potato, and a grain of earth, and a down from a pillow, and a pearl, and an apple-pip from a pie. And when the spell was ready, he lay down, and fell asleep.

Wry-Face had gone round to all the neighbors to tell them the grand joke about One-Eye, the potato-wife. Sometimes he told it through the window, and sometimes he stood

at the door. Sometimes he told it to a gnome who was fine and feathery, and sometimes to one who was making bread. But all the time he laughed, laughed, laughed, till he was scarcely fit to stand.

Now he did not call at Oh-I-Am's fine house to tell *him*, not he! And it was quite unnecessary, since Oh-I-Am knew the joke already, every bit.

Oh-I-Am had hidden the spell in his cupboard. When it was evening-time, he stole out and laid it by Wry-Face's door. Then he went home, and went to bed.

### *The Magic Potato Plant*

Wry-Face was making a pie for his supper. Suddenly the room became as dark as dark. The darkness was not night coming on, for this was summer-time and night never came on as quickly as all that.

"Dear me, what can be the matter?" thought Wry-Face; for he could hardly see to finish making his pie.

Then he heard a little voice from his window, crying, "Here I am, Wry-Face, here I am!" But he could not go out to see what it was yet awhile.

Then the apple-pie was finished, and in the oven; and Wry-Face ran outside as fast as he

could. But he did not see the spell which Oh-I-Am had placed by his door.

What he did see was a great potato-plant which had sprung up suddenly close to his window, and was springing up further still, high, high, and higher.

"Good gracious me!" cried Wry-Face in a rage, "I never planted a potato-plant there, not in my whole life! Now I should just like to know what you are doing by my window?"

But the potato-plant took no notice, but went on climbing high, high, and higher; and ever so far above he heard a tiny faint voice crying: —

"Here I am, Wry-Face, here I am!"

"Well, I never did!" cried Wry-Face, and he began to weep; for he saw that the potato-plant would climb up to his roof and round his chimney and he would never be able to get rid of it.

And he wept and wept.

At last he went in, and took his pie out of the oven, and set it in the pantry, for it was quite done. And he found a spade, and went out, and began to dig and dig at the root of the potato-plant. But his digging did not seem to make any difference; and the evening began to grow darker.

Wry-Face fetched his little lamp, which

is named Bright-Beauty, and which always burns without flickering. Then he went on digging, and he dug, and dug, and dug.

And when he had dug for hours and hours, so that he was tired to death, the potato-plant began suddenly to dwindle and dwindle. It dwindled as fast as anything, the leaves disappeared, and the stem disappeared and all the horrid stretching arms. They sank down, down, and down, till at last there was nothing left at all but — a big brown potato!

"Well, I do declare!" cried Wry-Face. "I should like to know what you have to do with my fine garden!"

The potato replied, "I jumped here from the cart of One-Eye, the potato-wife, and it is quite certain that, unless I am taken back to her immediately, I shall start again, growing, and growing, and growing!"

"Dear potato, you must not start growing again!" cried Wry-Face, in a great way. "To-night I am so tired I cannot do anything, but if you will but wait till to-morrow I will take you back to One-Eye, the potato-wife, — I will, indeed!"

At first the potato would not listen to this at all; but after a while it said, "Well, well, I will wait till to-morrow. But remember, if to-morrow you do not carry me home to One-

Eye, the potato-wife, I shall grow into a potato-*tree*, without a doubt!"

So Wry-Face carried the potato into his house, and stored it in his bin. But he never noticed the spell which Oh-I-Am had placed by his door.

### *The Strange Apple Pie*

"I am so tired, I can hardly yawn," said Wry-Face. "It is quite time I had my supper, and went to bed."

So he fetched the apple-pie from the pantry, and set it upon the table; and presently he sat down to his meal.

And he forgot for a moment how tired he was, thinking how delightful it was to sit down to a supper of apple-pie.

Then he lifted his knife and fork to cut off a large piece; but alas, the fork stuck fast. As for the knife, it would not move either, not an inch. Wry-Face began to weep.

"Alack, what has happened to my apple-pie?" cried he; and his tears fell round as round.

Then he got upon his feet, and he caught hold of the knife and fork and pulled, and pulled, and pulled. And with the last pull the top of the apple-pie came off, sticking to the knife and fork, and Wry-Face saw that within

the pie there was not one piece of apple, but — a big brown potato!

Wry-Face wept again with horror at the sight.

"I should like to know," cried he, "what you are doing in my fine apple-pie?"

But the brown potato replied, as cool as cool, "I am one of the potatoes belonging to One-Eye, the potato-wife, and I turned the apples out, that I might hide here awhile. But this I must tell you, my Wry-Face, unless you take me immediately home to the potato-wife, here, in this pie-dish, I intend to remain."

"Alas," cried Wry-Face, "to-night I am so tired I could never find One-Eye; but if you will but wait till to-morrow, I will carry you home to the potato-wife, — I will, indeed!"

At first the potato would not agree to this at all, but after a while it said, "Very well, I will wait till to-morrow. But remember, my Wry-Face, if to-morrow you do not carry me home to One-Eye, I will creep into every pie you make; and you will die at last of starvation without a doubt!"

So Wry-Face stored the potato in the potato-bin, and he went supperless to bed. And he knew nothing of the spell which Oh-I-Am had placed by his door.

### *The Lumpy Mattress*

Now he got into bed, and thought he would go to sleep; but, oh, how hard the mattress was! Wry-Face lay this way, then that, but no matter what way he lay, he found a great lump just beneath him which was as hard as hard, and as nobbly as could be.

Wry-Face tossed and tossed till it was nearly morning; and his bones were so sore that he could lie no longer.

Then he pulled the mattress from the bed and cut a great hole in it, and when he had searched and searched he found in the middle of the mattress — a big brown potato!

"This," cried Wry-Face, "is why I have not slept the whole night through!" and he wept like anything.

But the potato was as cool as cool.

"I belong," it said, "to One-Eye, the potato-wife; and let me tell you, my little gnome, unless you take me to her immediately, I shall climb into your mattress again; and there I shall remain!"

"Alas," cried Wry-Face, "I have tossed about for hours and hours, and am too tired to do anything. But if you will wait till to-morrow, dear potato, I will carry you to One-Eye, the potato-wife — I will, indeed!"

At first the potato was unwilling to listen to this, but after a while it said: "Very well, then, I will wait till the morning. But this much I know, my Wry-Face, if you do not carry me then to One-Eye, the potato-wife, I shall get into your mattress and roll again *every night!*"

So Wry-Face put the potato in the bin. When he had done that he went back to bed, and slept, and slept.

When the sun was shining he awakened, and he remembered that he had to carry the potatoes back to One-Eye, the potato-wife; and he was as cross as anything.

### *The Fairy Sack of Pearls*

"Well, I suppose I must!" he said. And when he had had his breakfast, he went to his cupboard to get a sack.

Then he found that his sack was full of pearls which he had gathered together for Heigh-Heavy the Giant, whose daughter So-Small he wished to marry.

So he thought, "First of all I will carry the pearls to Heigh-Heavy, for that is more important." And away he went with the sack upon his back. And he never saw the spell which Oh-I-Am had placed beside his door.

When he reached the Most-Enormous-

House of Heigh-Heavy the Giant, there the giant was, sitting in his parlor lacing his shoes.

So Wry-Face cried out in a gay little voice, "Here I am, Heigh-Heavy, here I am! And here is a bag of pearls which I have brought you in exchange for your beautiful daughter So-Small!"

When Heigh-Heavy heard this, he stopped lacing his shoes, and he said, "You must bring me in exchange for my daughter So-Small as many pearls as will cover my palm."

Then Wry-Face skipt forward, and he tipped up the sack; and he shook out all that it held into the hand of Heigh-Heavy the Giant, standing high upon his toes.

Now all that it held was — one brown potato!

Wry-Face the gnome stared, and stared, and stared, his eyes growing rounder and rounder; but he had no time to weep, on account of Heigh-Heavy the Giant who had fallen into a rage terrible to see.

"Now there is one thing quite certain," said Heigh-Heavy, "and that is that you shall never marry my daughter So-Small; for, my Wry-Face, I will turn you into a brown potato, and a brown potato you shall remain your whole life through!"

When Wry-Face heard this terrible threat,

he took to his heels, and ran from the Most-Enormous-House of Heigh-Heavy the Giant. And he ran, and ran, till his coat was torn and his ears were red. And he never rested till he reached his cottage door, and got inside.

Heigh-Heavy laughed till he cried to see the little gnome run. "He will play no tricks on *me!*" said he. And he went in and shut the door.

But Wry-Face said to himself, as he carried the potatoes, weeping, to the potato-wife: —

"I will never play a trick on *any one* again, not as long as I live!"

## THE POT OF GOLD [1]

HORACE E. SCUDDER

### I

### *Chrif begins the Search*

Once upon a time there stood by the roadside an old red house. In this house lived three people. They were an old grandmother; her grandchild, Rhoda; and a boy named Christopher. Christopher was no relation to

[1] Adapted from the story in *Dream Children*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

Rhoda and her grandmother. He was called Chrif for short.

The grandmother earned her living by picking berries. Every day in fair weather she went to the pastures. But she did not take the children with her. They played at home.

Rhoda had a flower garden in an old boat. The boat was filled with earth. There grew larkspur and sweet-william. Rhoda loved her flowers and tended them faithfully.

Chrif did not care much for flowers. He preferred to sail boats. He would cut them out of wood with his jack-knife, and load them with stones and grass. Then he would send the boats down the little stream that flowed past the old red house.

"This ship is going to India," he would say to Rhoda. "She carries gold and will bring back pearls and rice."

"How much you know, Chrif," said Rhoda.

"I mean to go to India some day," said Chrif. "People ride on elephants there."

Rhoda would sail little twigs in the stream. Her boats were small, but they sometimes went farther than Chrif's. His were loaded so heavily, that they often overturned.

One day the children were sailing boats when a thunder-storm arose. How fast the rain fell! And how fast they ran to the house!

"Poor grandmother will be all wet!" said Rhoda. She and Chrif were watching the falling rain from the window.

Suddenly the sun came out. A little rain was still falling, but the children ran into the yard.

"Look, there's a rainbow!" cried Chrif. "What pretty colors! and how ugly our old red house looks! I wish I were where the rainbow is."

"I see just the color of my larkspur in the rainbow," said Rhoda.

"O pooh!" said Chrif, "only a flower! That's not much. Now if I were only rich, I would n't stay here. I'd go off into the world. How grand it must be over there beyond the rainbow."

"One end is quite near us," said Rhoda.

"Are ye looking for a pot of gold, children?" said a voice behind them. It was the old broom-woman. She had a little house in the woods and sold brooms for a living.

"A pot of gold!" cried Chrif. "Where is it?"

"It's at the foot of the rainbow," said the broom-woman. "If ye get to the foot of the rainbow and then dig and dig, ye'll come to a pot of gold."

"Rhoda! let's go quick!" said Chrif.

"No," said Rhoda, "I ought to weed my flowers."

"Ye must hurry," laughed the old broom-woman. "The rainbow won't stay for lazy folks."

"I'm off!" cried Chrif; and away he went in search of the pot of gold. Rhoda watched him out of sight. Then she turned to weed the boat-garden.

When her grandmother came from the berry pasture, Rhoda told her where Chrif had gone. "We shall all be rich when he comes back with his pot of gold," said the little girl.

"He will not find it," said the grandmother. Rhoda, however, was not so sure.

## II

### *Chrif in the New Land*

Chrif ran straight across the fields toward the glowing rainbow. One end of the lovely arch seemed to touch the top of a distant hill. Chrif climbed the hill, but the rainbow was no longer there. It rested on the far side of a valley. Chrif hurried down the hill and into the valley. When he reached the spot where the end of the rainbow had rested, the rainbow was gone. Chrif could see it nowhere.

The lad stopped and looked around him. Not far away a flock of sheep were feeding. A shepherd-boy lay on the ground near them. He was reading a book.

Chrif crept to the shepherd-boy's side and read over his shoulder. This is what he read: "Beyond the setting of the sun lies the New Land. Here are mountains, forests, and mighty rivers. The sands of the streams are golden; the trees grow wonderful fruit; the mountains hide strange monsters. Upon a high pillar near the coast is the famous pot of gold."

"Oh, where is this country?" cried Chrif.

"Will you go?" asked Gavin, the shepherd-boy.

"Go! That I will," said Chrif. "The pot of gold is there, and that is what I have set out to find."

"Yes," said Gavin, "the pot of gold is there and many other things. I long to see them all. Let us hurry on our way."

The two boys first went through a forest. Then they came out upon the ocean side. The sun was setting in the sea. A path of gold lay across the water.

A gay ship was about to set sail. Her white canvas was spread; her oars were in place. Her deck was crowded with lads. They were

all starting for the wonderful New Land across the sea.

Chrif and Gavin climbed on board and the ship bounded from the land.

On and on they went, straight into the sunset. The rowers sang as they worked. Gavin tried to read his book, but Chrif looked eagerly ahead. How he longed to see the new country to which they were going!

And very soon the New Land came in sight. Then a party landed; Chrif, Gavin, and a boy named Andy were among them.

They walked some distance and then night darkened down around them. The mountains looked cruel; the fields barren. "Let us return to the ship," said many.

But Chrif would not turn back. "I must find the pot of gold," he said, "it cannot now be far away." And Gavin and Andy went with him.

"I should like to dip my fingers into your pot of gold," said Andy.

"You shall have your share," said Chrif. "It is on the top of a pillar not far from the coast. If you'll stand below, I'll get on your shoulders, and then perhaps I can reach it."

"Only don't let it drop on my head," said Andy, with a laugh.

They walked along the shore in silence.

After a time Chrif cried out with joy. "Here is a path leading into the woods. And I do believe I see the pillar!"

"Hurrah!" cried Andy, "let's push on!"

And now the three stood at the foot of the pillar and looked up to the top. By the faint light of the moon they saw the pot of gold.

"Climb on Andy's shoulders, Gavin, and then I will stand on yours," said Chrif.

"I don't want the pot of gold," said Gavin. "I have seen it; that is enough. I will go to see the Magic Fountain," and Gavin turned into the forest.

The other two friends stood by the pillar. "I must have that pot of gold. I want it for Rhoda and the old grandmother."

As Chrif spoke, he looked at the pillar. Lo! a picture was on its side. He saw the old red house, the grandmother at the window, and Rhoda in the garden. Rhoda was watering the flowers in the dear old boat. Now and then she would turn her head and look up the road. She seemed hoping that Chrif would come.

The pillar and the pot of gold faded away; then the picture of home went too. Chrif was left in darkness.

Then Andy spoke. "Hark!" he whispered, "I hear something."

## III

### *Chrif at the Palace*

Chrif listened and he too heard distant music. Its notes were very sweet.

"Come, let us go where the music is!" said Andy.

Chrif and Andy made their way through the woods and entered a shining city. Every street was blazing with lights; the fronts of the houses were hung with lanterns; fireworks were being set off in the public squares. All the people wore their finest clothes.

"How gay they all are! I wonder why?" said Andy.

"Hush!" cried Chrif.

A man on a prancing horse had just come in sight. He reined in his horse and blew a horn. Then he cried with a loud voice these words: "This night there is a ball in the palace. All are welcome. The Pot of Gold will be given to the one with whom the Princess shall dance."

"Hurrah!" cried the people. "Hurrah! hurrah!" cried Chrif, louder than them all.

When Chrif and Andy entered the palace, they saw the Princess upon her throne. Dancing was going on, but the Princess did not

dance. She was waiting for the handsomest dancer. All who thought themselves good-looking stood in a row not far from the Princess. Each lad was trying to look handsomer than the others in the line.

Over the throne was a pearl clock. It was that kind of clock called a cuckoo clock. When the hours struck, a golden cuckoo would come out of a little door. Then he would cuckoo as many times as there were hours and then go back, shutting the door after him.

When Chrif and Andy entered the hall, the Princess saw them at once. "Those two are the handsomest of all," she thought, "and one of them is handsomer than the other."

She looked at Chrif again. Then she stepped down from the throne.

"Dance with me," she said, "and you shall have the pot of gold," and she held out her hand to Chrif.

"What was I to do with it?" asked Chrif. "Oh, I know. I was to take it home to Rhoda."

That moment the little bird burst open the little pearl door. "Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!" he cried.

But to Chrif he seemed to say: "Rhoda sits by the window watching for Chrif. The flowers are dead in the boat-garden. 'Chrif will

never come back,' says grandmother, 'he cares nothing for us.'"

Again Chrif saw the beautiful hall and the Princess standing before him. Then, suddenly, the music grew harsh; the palace walls fell; the dancers were gone. Chrif was all alone.

## IV

### *Chrif and His Books*

When day dawned, Chrif was walking over a wide plain. On the far side of the plain stood a ruined house. Between a row of poplar trees a path led to the door.

Chrif knocked, but no one came. Then he pushed open the door and entered. An old man sat at a table. The table was covered with great books and many papers. Overhead a lamp burned dimly.

The old man was bent over the books. He seemed to study busily, but when Chrif went near, he saw that the old man was dead.

There were two doors to this room. One was the door by which Chrif had entered. The other was opposite. This door was of stone. On it was written: "Behind this door is the Pot of Gold. To open you must first read the words written below."

The words written below were strange; the letters too were strange.

"These books may help me read the writing," thought Chrif. "This old man has spent his life in the search. Shall I be more successful I wonder?"

Then he buried the old man, lighted the lamp, and read the books. Weeks passed and even months. Chrif ate little and slept less.

At last, one day, he lifted a shining face. "I have found the secret!" he cried, "the letters are plain."

Then stepping to the door, he read: "Knock and this door will open."

Chrif knocked once, and the door flew open. One shining spot he saw in the darkness. It was the pot of gold.

Chrif put our his hand to take it, when lo! burning words shone on its side. And Chrif read: —

"I am the Pot of Gold; I can give thee all things save one. If thou hast me, thou canst not have that. Close thine eyes. Then, if thou choosest me, open them again."

Chrif closed his eyes. He saw the old red house dark and cold. No one lived there now. The boat-garden was hidden under the snow. Some one in white passed him by. She was

weeping bitterly. "Rhoda!" he cried and followed in her steps.

Suddenly a warm hand fell upon his shoulder.

"Chrif, dear Chrif!"

He opened his eyes, and O joy! Rhoda stood beside him.

## V

### *Chrif's Return*

"I have come to look for you," said Rhoda. "Why, Chrif, you have been gone three years!"

"Three years!" gasped Chrif.

"When grandmother died, last winter, I was so lonely, I said, 'When spring comes I will find Chrif.'"

"Grandmother dead! Why, it was but yesterday that I left home!"

"Ah, no," answered Rhoda. And she looked at Chrif and smiled.

And so they came again to the old red house. There was the dear old boat-garden. Sweet-peas were in bloom and morning-glories climbed up the side of the house. It was very pleasant.

As they stood by the boat-garden, a voice called to them. The old broom-woman stood in the road.

"Have ye found the pot of gold?" she asked.

"No, but I have found something else far better!" said Chrif, "I have found home."

# MYTHS

## ORION, THE STARRY HUNTSMAN

FANNY E. COE

JUPITER, the Father of the Gods, had two brothers. They were Neptune and Pluto. Jupiter ruled in the upper air; Neptune was king of the sea; while Pluto reigned in the dark and silent underworld. Our earth was a sort of park or playground for the gods. Here they hunted deer, and fought combats with men and with each other. They often took sides in the wars that were being carried on in the earth.

Neptune, the king of the sea, had many sons. One of them was a handsome young giant named Orion. Orion was a famous hunter. He wore a sword at his side and carried a heavy club in his hands. At his heels ran his faithful dog, Sirius.

Neptune had given Orion one gift. This was power over the sea. The young man could walk on the surface of the ocean without

sinking. He could wade through its depths without drowning. He could swim easily for miles. You may well believe that Orion loved the ocean like a true water-god.

Orion was a gay and happy young man; nearly everyone liked him, but he had two bitter enemies. They were the god Apollo and a certain king of the earth.

The king was not a fair foe. He was full of deceit. Once he asked Orion to dine with him. When Orion was off his guard, he blinded him.

Poor Orion knew that he must leave the palace of his false friend at once. He feared that more harm might be done him. He had no one to lead him, but he groped his way as well as he could. On and on, through fields and forests he stumbled, longing to find a friend.

All was dark and very quiet. At last he heard, in the distance, the sound of hammers. Blow after blow was struck on steel.

"I will go to this forge," cried Orion, "perhaps I may find help there."

When he reached the forge, he found that it belonged to his cousin, Vulcan, the blacksmith of the gods. Vulcan was very sorry for Orion.

"What can I do for you?" he asked. "Surely you are in a sorry plight!"

"Lend me a man to guide me eastward!" begged Orion.

Vulcan let him take one of his men and they set out on a long journey. At last the guide spoke. "We are now on the edge of the eastern sea. It is yet night."

"Let us sit here," said Orion, "and await the coming of Apollo, the sun-god."

In time the glorious sun arose. Orion turned his sightless eyes towards its shining surface. Suddenly a beam of light shot from the sun directly into the eyes of Orion. It rekindled the light in his dim eyes and Orion saw once more!

He sprang to his feet in joy. He thanked his guide and then turned to the ocean. "I will swim home," he cried. "To return by land is a weary journey." And so he sprang into the sea.

Now Apollo was not a friend of Orion, but his enemy. It is true he had cured Orion of his blindness, but that was because he could not help it. His light would have cured anyone who came so close to the sun as Orion had gone.

Apollo had a twin-sister, Diana. She was a famous hunter. She was very nearly as fleet of foot as Apollo himself. She could shoot at a mark wonderfully.

Apollo saw Orion swimming home and he said to himself, "He shall never reach the shore alive." So Apollo sought Diana and found her on a hilltop within sight of the sea.

"People tell me you shoot well with a bow, — almost as well as I do, in fact," he said.

"That is quite true," said Diana, with a confident little smile.

"Do you see that black speck on the water? Perhaps it is a sea-fowl. I dare you to shoot at that mark," cried Apollo.

Diana caught up her bow and aimed with care. Her arrow flew straight at the mark. It pierced the head of Orion, and he sank into the depths of the sea.

The waters carried his body to the shore, and Diana wept when she saw what she had done.

"I will set Orion in the heavens," she said. "There he shall shine forever."

And there in the sky you can see Orion almost any clear night. You can see his sword, his club, his broad shoulders, and his belt of stars. His belt is made of three stars that sparkle like diamonds in a great crown. If you see them once, you will never forget them.

# CERES AND PROSERPINE [1]

FANNY E. COE

ONCE upon a time there was a goddess named Ceres. She had the care of the flowers and the fruits.

Ceres had a dear little daughter named Proserpine. Proserpine spent her days in the fields. She loved to gather lilies and violets and to make wreaths for her friends.

One day Proserpine and her little friends were playing happily in the meadow. A short distance off they saw a strange and wonderful flower. It had one hundred bells on its tall stalk.

"Oh, see!" cried Proserpine, "I must have that flower." And she ran to pluck it.

Suddenly the ground shook and trembled. Then it yawned before her. From the depths of the earth came a dark chariot drawn by six coal-black horses.

A king with a dark brow and an iron crown held the reins. He seized little Proserpine, and before she could cry for help, he disappeared with her back into the earth.

[1] From Coe's *Third Reader*, published by the American Book Company.

After a time the other children missed Proserpine. They thought she must be hiding. They searched, but failed to find her. Then they told Ceres.

Ceres was heart-broken when she heard that her little girl was lost. She dressed herself in black from head to foot, took a torch in her hand, and went out searching for her little daughter.

Just think how your mother would feel if you were lost!

Ceres walked till she came to a cottage. An old woman sat at the door. She was the goddess of the moon.

Ceres said, "Surely you know where my daughter is!"

But the goddess of the moon answered, "Alas, no!"

Ceres went on her lonely way, till she reached the shore of a lake. There sat a fair young man. He was Apollo, the god of the sun.

Ceres said again, "Surely you know where my daughter is!"

Apollo looked into her sad face and had pity on her. "Yes," he replied, "I do know where your daughter is. Pluto has taken her to his palace in the underworld."

Ceres walked on till she came to a fountain. By its edge she seated herself. She

buried her face in her hands and wept aloud. "Shall I ever see my Proserpine again?" she cried.

Two girls came along with pitchers on their heads. They asked her why she grieved. When she told them, they said, "Come and live with us, and we will make you as happy as we can."

Ceres dwelt with them one year. But during that time, her heart grew harder and harder. She was angry with the earth for opening to let Pluto pass with Proserpine. So she cursed the ground. "Wicked soil," she cried, "cease to be fruitful!"

Immediately the grass and flowers withered; the good seed failed to come up; the cattle died; and even man grew ill and unhappy.

At last Jupiter heard the cries of man. "This distress must cease," he said; and he sent for Ceres.

He listened to her sad story and promised her help. Mercury was sent to the underworld with this message: "Restore Proserpine at once to her mother."

Now Pluto loved Proserpine and had made her his Queen. Day by day he urged her to eat, and day by day she refused. Pluto knew that if she would but eat, even the smallest morsel, she was his.

For nine months Proserpine had eaten nothing. But one day she was tempted by the sweet pulp of a pomegranate. She ate it, and Pluto was happy.

He knew now that, even should she return to Ceres, she must spend part of the year with him.

Soon Mercury came to take Proserpine to her mother.

Ceres heard the rustle of Proserpine's dress. She looked up. There stood her dearly loved daughter.

She clasped her in her arms, crying, "Now we shall live happily together forever."

"That cannot be, mother," answered Proserpine. "Pluto gave me an enchanted fruit before I came away. In six months' time I must return to him again."

How happy Ceres was while her daughter was with her! The gay flowers and grass grew once more upon the earth.

But, even to-day, during the long six months that Proserpine spends in the underworld, no green thing comes up out of the ground.

# THE STORY OF THE LAUREL TREE

FANNY E. COE

LAST Valentine's day the postman brought a number of valentines to your door. Some of them were very pretty. They were of lace paper with flowers and birds and cupids. Cupids are pretty little winged boys who carry bows and arrows.

Among the gods the Greeks believed in there was one child god named Cupid. He was the god of love. He carried a bow and arrow and had a little quiver slung at his side. In this quiver there were two kinds of arrows. One kind was gold; the other, lead. Cupid used to shoot his arrows into people's hearts. When he shot a golden arrow, the man or woman into whose heart it went loved the next person he saw. When Cupid shot a leaden arrow, the man or woman into whose heart it went hated the next person he saw.

One day Apollo met Cupid. Apollo had just killed a great monster and was feeling very proud. His bow was many feet long, so he laughed at Cupid's tiny weapon.

"Choose another plaything, child," he said. "Leave bows and arrows to the great gods and men."

"My arrows are to be feared," said Cupid. "You shall see."

He fitted a tiny sharp-pointed gold arrow to his bow. Then he shot it straight into the heart of Apollo. It was like a pinprick only, and Apollo thought nothing of it.

Then Cupid took a leaden arrow with a blunt head from his quiver. He looked around for some one to shoot. Down through a wood-path came Daphne.

She was a water-nymph with a sweet face and golden hair. Her father was Peleus, the old river god. Her home was a cave in the white cliffs by the river.

Cupid shot the arrow of hate into Daphne's heart, Daphne started with fear. Just then she saw Apollo. Light beamed from his eyes and from his curling golden hair. His clothes were gold. His sandals also were gold. Daphne was dazzled by his brightness.

Apollo also saw Daphne and loved her. He hastened towards her, crying, "Fair maiden, I love you. Come and live in my beautiful palace in the sky."

But the leaden arrow in her heart made Daphne fear and hate Apollo. She thought,

"I love my home on earth best. I do not wish to go with this god." And she turned and ran.

Apollo followed at full speed, crying, "Do not fear me, maiden. I am the god Apollo."

On and on they ran. Apollo was gaining upon Daphne. In her terror she gave one prayer: "Save me, father Peleus."

Immediately a great change came upon Daphne. Her arms became branches; her slender feet clung to the ground as roots; her long waving hair turned into green and shining leaves. She was now a laurel tree.

Apollo looked sadly at the beautiful tree. "Ah, Daphne," he said, "you shall be the tree I love. I will make myself a crown out of your glossy leaves. All poets, musicians, and painters shall be crowned with laurel when their deeds are worthy of praise. In both summer and winter your leaves shall be always green."

But Daphne answered not. Only the breeze swayed her slender branches and her green and gleaming leaves.

# WHY THE NARCISSUS GROWS BY THE WATER

FANNY E. COE

THERE was once upon a time a youth named Narcissus. Narcissus was very beautiful. He had clustering light curls and gay blue eyes. His smile was most winning.

Everyone who saw Narcissus loved him. Many maidens would have been pleased to marry him, but he cared for none of them.

These were the days when there were no mirrors. Narcissus had never seen himself.

One day Narcissus had been hunting. He was tired and thirsty. Suddenly he saw before him a lovely clear pool of water. Willow trees arched themselves over the pool, and sweet violets grew along its edge. It was the mirror before which Diana dressed her hair every morning.

Narcissus hurried to the little lake, threw himself down on the ground, and bent to drink. As he did so, he saw a beautiful face before him. It was really himself reflected in the water, but he did not know this.

Narcissus believed that he saw a lovely water-nymph. Never had he seen one so fair. He bent to kiss her, but she slipped away. He tried to clasp her in his arms, but again he lost her.

"Sweet nymph, do not fly from me," he cried, "I love you."

Days went by and still Narcissus knelt by the fountain. He called and called to the nymph, but she would not hear. He ate not, he slept not.

Friends came to him and told him that it was his own face that he saw in the pool. He did not even hear their words.

So Narcissus pined away, and at last died. When his friends came to bury him, they found his body gone. Where it had lain, there grew a beautiful purple and white flower. No one had ever seen this flower before, so it was called Narcissus.

To this day the Narcissus delights to grow near water. It still bends its slender stalk so that its graceful flower bells are mirrored in the water.

# RHŒCUS [1]

FANNY E. COE

Long ago there lived a Grecian youth named Rhœcus. Just outside the city where Rhœcus dwelt was a wood. This wood was very old. Some said there were oaks in the forest that had been growing for a thousand years.

One day Rhœcus was passing through the wood. Before him he saw a noble oak just about to fall. He ran and propped its mossy trunk with great branches that he took from the ground.

As he was turning away, he heard a soft voice say, "Rhœcus." There beside the tree stood a beautiful dryad.

"I am the spirit of this tree," she said. "As long as it lives, I live. When it falls, I die. You, Rhœcus, have just saved my life. Ask what you will and it is yours."

Rhœcus gazed at the dryad with wonder and awe. "You are the fairest being I have ever seen. Give me your love," he cried.

[1] Based upon the story of James Russell Lowell's poem of the same name.

"You shall have it, Rhœcus," replied the dryad sadly. "Meet me here an hour before the sunset."

With a happy heart and a gay step Rhœcus went on his way to the town. He had won a most beautiful bride. To celebrate his joy, he thought he would play a game of dice with his friends.

The game took all his thought, for he was most unlucky. He lost once, twice, and even a third time. He forgot all about the dryad. The sun sank lower and lower and still he played on.

At last a bee entered the window and brushed against his forehead. Rhœcus shook it off. Again and again the bee returned. At last Rhœcus, in anger, struck the little creature and wounded it. Away flew the bee and Rhœcus, looking after it, saw the red sun setting over the trees of the thousand-year-old forest. He was too late!

Through the city and out of its gates he rushed. He sped across the plain and entered the wood. At the tree no fair dryad awaited him. But he heard a voice saying sadly, "Ah, Rhœcus, you forgot your promise to me. You drove away with a cruel blow, my little messenger who sought to remind you of me. Because you have been harsh to the little bee,

your punishment is this: You shall never see me again."

"Ah, no! sweet spirit," cried Rhœcus. "Forgive me this once. I will never sin again."

"Alas! it cannot be. Farewell," sighed the dryad. And Rhœcus saw her no more.

In that hour he changed from a happy youth to a sad and lonely man. All his life he longed to see the dryad whom he had lost forever.

## KING SOLOMON AND THE ANTS [1]

FLORA J. COOKE

One morning the Queen of Sheba started back to her home in the South. King Solomon and all his court went with her to the gates of the city.

It was a glorious sight. The King and Queen rode upon white horses. The purple and scarlet coverings of their followers glittered with silver and gold.

The King looked down and saw an ant hill in the path before them.

[1] From *Nature Myths and Stories*, published by A. Flanagan Company.

"See yonder little people," he said; "do you hear what they are saying as they run about so wildly?

"They say, 'Here comes the King, men call wise, and good, and great. He will trample us under his cruel feet.'"

"They should be proud to die under the feet of such a King," said the Queen. "How dare they complain?"

"Not so, great Queen," replied the King.

He turned his horse aside and all his followers did the same.

When the great company had passed, there was the ant hill unharmed in the path.

The Queen said, "Happy, indeed, must be your people, wise King. I shall remember the lesson. He only is noble and great who cares for the helpless and weak."

## THE STORY OF PEGASUS

FANNY E. COE

Long ago in Greece there lived a young man named Bellerophon. Bellerophon was brave; he was handsome; he was kind-hearted.

Nearly everyone loved Bellerophon; but there was one man who did not like him. This

was the King of the country in which Bellerophon lived. The King was jealous. He saw how everyone, rich and poor, high and low, loved Bellerophon. He feared that they might want to have Bellerophon for their King. So he thought, "I must send this young man away."

He wrote letters to his wife's father, the King of Lycia. These letters he sent by Bellerophon.

The King of Lycia welcomed Bellerophon to his court. For nine days there was feasting, and Bellerophon won everyone's heart by his wit and grace.

On the tenth day he gave his letters to the King. The King opened them and read. Then his face changed. He went into the next room and bowed his head upon his hands. He was greatly troubled. His son had asked that Bellerophon be killed.

"But he has just eaten my bread," said the King of Lycia. "He is my guest. I cannot kill him." He thought for some time and then spoke again: "I will not kill him myself. I will send him to fight the Chimæra."

Now the Chimæra was a terrible monster that roamed the fields of Lycia. It had the body of a lion and it had three heads. These heads were those of a lion, a goat, and a

dragon. With its fiery breath the Chimæra burned up everything that came near it

Bellerophon was troubled when he heard the orders of the King of Lycia. He went to ask the advice of the wisest man of that country. The wise man said: "Bellerophon, if you can ride Pegasus, you will kill the Chimæra easily."

"What is Pegasus?" asked Bellerophon.

"Pegasus is a winged horse. His home is on Mount Olympus. But no one has tamed him except Athene, the goddess of wisdom. I should ask her help."

Bellerophon prayed in the temple of Athene and then fell asleep. He dreamed that Athene herself stood by him. He saw her gray eyes, her golden hair, and her glistening armor. He thought she put a golden bridle into his hand.

When he awoke, he found it was no dream, for he held a golden bridle.

He hastened at once to a certain spring where Pegasus often came to drink. There stood the spirited steed. Bellerophon drew near. Pegasus spread his strong wings and was just about to fly, when Bellerophon held out the bridle. Then the noble horse bent his head and walked up to the young man. He knew that the golden bridle came from his mistress.

Bellerophon slipped the bridle upon Pegasus

and they soared high into the air. Pegasus was as swift as an eagle.

The next day Bellerophon fought with the ugly Chimæra. With the help of Pegasus he easily slew the monster.

Then the King of Lycia gave him other hard tasks. But he did them all easily, with the help of his winged horse. At last the King gave Bellerophon his daughter as a wife.

And now, just when he was happiest, trouble came to Bellerophon. He grew proud and vain. He thought that with his winged horse, he could do anything.

One day he said, "I should like to visit the gods on Mount Olympus. I can reach their home easily. I should like to see Jupiter and Mars face to face."

He mounted Pegasus and turned his head toward the highest heaven.

"This is too great daring," said Jupiter; "Bellerophon must be punished."

Jupiter sent a gadfly to sting Pegasus. The noble horse reared. He thought his master had struck him and was furious with pain and anger. Bellerophon lost his seat and fell to the earth.

All the rest of his days he went about a blind and lame old man.

Thus the gods punished his too great daring.

# THE WOLF-MOTHER OF SAINT AILBE [1]

ABBIE FARWELL BROWN

## *Ailbe's Babyhood*

THIS is the story of a poor little Irish baby whose cruel father and mother did not care anything about him. But because they could not sell him nor give him away they tried to lose him. They wrapped him in a piece of cloth and took him up on the mountain-side, and there they left him lying all alone on a bush of heather.

Now an old mother-wolf was out taking her evening walk on the mountain after tending her babies in the den all day. And just as she was passing the heather bush she heard a faint, funny little cry. She pricked up her pointed ears and said, "What's that!" And lo and behold, when she came to sniff out the mystery with her keen nose, it led her straight to the spot where the little pink baby lay, crying with cold and hunger.

The heart of the kind mother-wolf was

[1] From *The Book of Saints and Friendly Beasts*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

touched, for she thought of her own little ones at home, and how sad it would be to see them so helpless and lonely and forgotten. So she picked the baby up in her mouth carefully and ran home with him to her den in the rocks at the foot of the mountain. Here the little one, whose name was Ailbe, lived with the baby wolves, sharing their breakfast and dinner and supper, playing and quarreling and growing up with them. The wolf-mother took good care of him and saw that he had the best of everything, for she loved him dearly, indeed. And Ailbe grew stronger and stronger, taller and taller, handsomer and handsomer every day, living his happy life in the wild woods of green Ireland.

### *Ailbe leaves his Forest Home*

Now one day, a year or two after this, a hunter came riding over the mountain on his way home from the chase, and he happened to pass near the cave where Ailbe and the wolves lived. As he was riding along under the trees he saw a little white creature run across the path in front of him. At first he thought it was a rabbit; but it was too big for a rabbit, and besides, it did not hop. The hunter jumped down from his horse and ran after the funny animal to find out what it was.

His long legs soon overtook it in a clump of bushes where it was hiding, and imagine the hunter's surprise when he found that it had neither fur nor horns nor four feet nor a tail, but that it was a beautiful child who could not stand upright, and whose little, bare body ran on all fours like a baby wolf! It was little Ailbe, the wolf-mother's pet, who had grown so fast that he was almost able to take care of himself. But he was not quite able, the hunter thought; and he said to himself that he would carry the poor little thing home to his kind wife, that she might take care of him. So he caught Ailbe up in his arms, kicking and squealing and biting like the wild little animal he was, and wrapped him in a corner of his great cloak. Then he jumped on his horse with a chirrup and galloped away out of the woods towards his village.

But Ailbe did not want to leave his forest home, the wolf-den, and his little wolf-brothers. Especially he did not want to leave his dear foster mother. So he screamed and struggled to get away from the big hunter, and he called to the wolves in their own language to come and help him. Then out of the forest came bounding the great mother-wolf with her four children, now grown to be nearly as big as herself. She chased after the fleeting

horse and snapped at the loose end of the huntsman's cloak, howling with grief and anger. But she could not get the thief, nor get back her adopted son, the little smooth-skinned foundling. So after following them for miles, the five wolves gradually dropped further and further behind. And at last, as he stretched out his little arms to them over the hunter's velvet shoulder, Ailbe saw them stop in the road panting, with one last howl of farewell. They had given up the hopeless chase. And with their tails between their legs and their heads drooping low, they slunk back to their lonely den where they would never see their little boy playmate any more. It was a sad day for the wolf-mother.

But the hunter carried little Ailbe home with him on the horse's back. And he found a new mother there to receive him. Ailbe never knew who his first mother was, but she must have been a bad, cruel woman. His second mother was the kind wolf. And this one, the third, was a beautiful Princess. For the hunter who had found the child was a Prince, and he lived in a grand castle by a lake near Tipperary, with hundreds of servants and horses and dogs and little pages for Ailbe to play with. And here he lived and was very happy; and here he learned all the things which in

those days made a little boy grow up into a wise and great man. He grew so wise and great that he was made a Bishop and had a palace of his own in the town of Emly. People came to see him from far and near, who made him presents, and asked him questions, and ate his dinners.

But though he had grown so great and famous, Ailbe had never forgotten his second mother, the good wolf, nor his four-footed brothers in their coats of gray fur. And sometimes when his visitors were stupid and stayed a long time, or when they asked too many questions, or when they made him presents which he did not like, Ailbe longed to be back in the forest with the good beasts. For they had much more sense, though they had not kissed the Blarney Stone, which makes one talk good Irish.

*Ailbe finds the Wolf-Mother again*

A great many years afterwards there was one day a huge hunt in Emly. All the lords for miles around were out chasing the wild beasts, and among them was the Prince, Ailbe's foster father. But the Bishop himself was not with them. He did not see any sport in killing poor creatures. It was almost night, and the people of Emly were out watching

for the hunters to return. The Bishop was coming down the village street on his way from church, when the sounds of horns came over the hills close by, and he knew the chase was nearing home.

Louder and louder came the "tantaratara!" of the horns, and then he could hear the gallopy thud of the horses' hoofs and the yelp of the hounds. But suddenly the Bishop's heart stood still. Among all the other noises of the chase he heard a sound which made him think — think — think. It was the long-drawn howl of a wolf, a sad howl of fear and weariness and pain. It spoke a language which he had almost forgotten. But hardly had he time to think again and remember, before down the village street came a gaunt figure, flying in long leaps from the foremost dogs who were snapping at her heels. It was Ailbe's wolf-mother.

He recognized her as soon as he saw her green eyes and the patch of white on her right foreleg. And she recognized him, too, — how I cannot say, for he had changed greatly since she last saw him, a naked little sunbrowned boy. But, at any rate, in his fine robes of purple and linen and rich lace, with the mitre on his head and the crozier in his hand, the wolf-mother knew her dear son. With a cry of joy

she bounded up to him and laid her head upon his breast, as if she knew he would protect her from the growling dogs and the fierce-eyed hunters. And the good Bishop was true to her. For he drew his beautiful velvet cloak about her tired, panting body, and laid his hand lovingly on her head. Then in the other, he held up his crook warningly to keep back the ferocious dogs.

"I will protect thee, old mother," he said tenderly. "When I was little and young and feeble, thou didst nourish and cherish and protect me; and now that thou art old and gray and weak, shall I not render the same love and care to thee? None shall injure thee."

Then the hunters came tearing up on their foaming horses and stopped short to find what the matter was. Some of them were angry, and wanted even now to kill the poor wolf, just as the dogs did who were prowling about snarling with disappointment. But Ailbe would have none of it. He forbade them to touch the wolf. And he was so powerful and wise and holy that they dared not disobey him, but had to be content with seeing their hunt spoiled and their prey taken out of their clutches.

But before the hunters and their dogs rode

away, Saint Ailbe had something more to say to them. And he bade all the curious townsfolk who had gathered about him and the wolf to listen also. He repeated the promise which he had made to the wolf, and warned everyone henceforth not to hurt her or her children, either in the village or in the woods or on the mountain. And, turning to her once more, he said: —

"See, mother, you need not fear. They dare not hurt you now you have found your son to protect you. Come every day with my brothers to my table, and you and yours shall share my food, as once I so often shared yours."

And so it was. Every day after that, so long as she lived, the old wolf-mother brought her four children to the Bishop's palace and howled at the gate for the porter to let them in. And every day he opened to them, and the steward showed the five into the great dining-hall where Ailbe sat at the head of the table, with five places set for the rest of the family. And there, with her five dear children about her in a happy circle, the kind wolf-mother sat and ate the good things which the Bishop's friends had sent him. But the child she loved best was none of those in furry coats and fine whiskers who looked like her; it was

the blue-eyed Saint at the top of the table in his robes of purple and white.

But Saint Ailbe would look about him at his mother and his brothers and would laugh contentedly.

"What a handsome family we are!" he would say. And it was true.

## WHO WAS THE MIGHTIER? [1]

FANNY E. COE

GLOOSKAP, the Indian chief, had returned from the warpath. His foes were slain or scattered. No other tribe of red men dared to stand before him.

Glooskap was very proud of what he had done. "My work is over," he often said to himself. "Whom else is there for me to conquer? No one."

One day he walked through the village. He was a tall fierce figure with brightly painted body and brilliant headdress of feathers.

He stopped to speak to an old squaw. He said aloud what he had often thought, "My work is over, my enemies are dead. Whom is there for me to conquer?"

[1] A Tale of the Penobscot Indians.

The old squaw raised her hand and pointed towards the wigwam. "There sits one whom no man will ever conquer!" she said.

Glooskap took one stride to the wigwam and raised the canvas door. Within, seated on the floor, was a fat, happy baby. He was happy because he was sucking a bit of maple sugar. He opened his bright black eyes, and stared hard at the gay feathers of the chief.

"Who is he?" asked Glooskap.

"It is the mighty Wasis. But leave him in peace. Otherwise you will be in sore trouble."

Now the Indian chief had never married. He knew nothing of children and their ways. But he thought, as is the manner of such, that he knew everything.

So he knelt on one knee, held out a hand, and smiling sweetly, said, "Baby, come to me!"

Wasis smiled, but did not stir.

Again the chief smiled kindly and said in a coaxing tone, "Baby, come to me."

Wasis looked again at the chief. Then he took a bite of the maple sugar.

Glooskap then arose frowning; he stamped his foot angrily, and he spoke savagely. "Baby, come to me."

Wasis dropped his maple sugar. "Goo, goo!" he said; "Goo, goo! Goo, goo, goo!"

"These must be his war-cries!" thought the chief. "I'll teach him who is master and must be obeyed."

So he sang his terrible war-songs; he drew his knife and leaped into the air; he roared his orders to Wasis again and again. "Come to me: come to me!"

This was too much for the baby. His little face puckered and grew red. Then he opened his mouth and uttered shrieks so ear-piercing that their like had never been heard before. At least so the chief thought. He rushed from the wigwam and fled a mile before he stopped to breathe deeply.

In the mean while Wasis had found his maple sugar and was calm again. "Goo, goo!" he said; "Goo, goo! Goo, goo, goo!"

And to this day when you see a baby crowing and saying "Goo, goo!" remember he is thinking of the time when he overcame the Indian chief who had conquered all the world. For of all created things the Baby alone is master.

# STORIES FROM REAL LIFE

## HANS THE SHEPHERD BOY [1]

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

Hans was a little shepherd boy, who lived in Germany. One day he was keeping his sheep near a great wood when a hunter rode up to him.

"How far is it to the nearest village, my boy?" asked the hunter.

"It is six miles, sir," said Hans. "But the road is only a sheep-track. You might easily miss your way."

"My boy," said the hunter, "if you will show me the way, I will pay you well."

Hans shook his head. "I cannot leave the sheep, sir," he said. "They would stray into the wood and the wolves might kill them."

"But if one or two sheep are eaten by the wolves, I will pay you for them. I will give you more than you can earn in a year."

"Sir, I cannot go," said Hans. "These

[1] From *Ethics for Children*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

sheep are my master's. If they are lost, I should be to blame."

"If you cannot show me the way, will you get me a guide? I will take care of your sheep while you are gone."

"No," said Hans, "I cannot do that. The sheep do not know your voice, — and —" Then he stopped.

"Can't you trust me?" asked the hunter.

"No," said Hans. "You have tried to make me break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word?"

The hunter laughed. "You are right," he said. "I wish I could trust my servants as your master can trust you. Show me the path. I will try to get to the village alone."

Just then several men rode out of the wood. They shouted for joy.

"Oh, sir!" cried one, "we thought you were lost."

Then Hans learned to his great surprise that the hunter was a Prince. He was afraid that the great man would be angry with him. But the Prince smiled and spoke in praise of him.

A few days later a servant came from the Prince and took Hans to the palace.

"Hans," said the Prince, "I want you to leave your sheep to come to serve me. I know you are a boy whom I can trust."

Hans was very happy over his good fortune. "If my master can find another boy to take my place, then I will come to serve you."

So Hans went back and tended the sheep until his master found another boy. After that he served the Prince many years.

## NATHAN AND THE BEAR [1]

M. A. L. LANE

Little Nathan King was driving home his father's cows.

It was a cold night in October. In the clear sky the stars shone bright.

The dry leaves fluttered down upon the road where they lay in drifts.

The air was sharp. Once a chestnut burr dropped at the boy's feet.

"Winter will soon be here," Nathan said to himself. He was thinking of the snug kitchen and the good warm supper that his mother would have ready for him.

It was dark. Nathan could just see the black shapes of the cows.

[1] From *The Jones Second Reader*, published by Ginn and Company.

There were five of them. They were good, kind cows. Nathan liked to take care of them.

He liked to pat their sleek, smooth sides.

The cows were fond of Nathan. Sometimes the black cow would put out her rough tongue and touch his hand.

Now they were all in a hurry to reach the warm barn. They walked along the road as fast as they could.

"I think I will go by the wood path," said Nathan to himself. "It is only half as far, and I know every step of the way."

So he ran on before the cows, and let down the bars into the wood-path.

The cows went on after him. They, too, knew every step of the path. Nathan often took them home that way. The end of the wood path was near the door of the barn.

It was very still in the woods. The dry leaves rustled as the cows walked through them. There was no other sound. The trees looked big and black.

Nathan whistled as he walked. He had never been in the woods after dark before. He was glad that he was not far from home.

Once the black cow stepped on a long, dry branch. The other end of the branch flew up in Nathan's face and made him jump.

"What a baby I am!" said he. "There is

nothing to be afraid of. I can see the lamp in our kitchen now."

Nathan was now on the top of the hill. The trees were cut down on one side of the path. He could look across a cornfield to his home.

He whistled more loudly than ever and walked bravely on.

"I wonder if there are any bears in these woods," he was thinking. "Tom Shaw's father saw a bear on the mountain last week. Tom says he would like to meet one. I should run if I heard a bear coming."

Nathan stopped a moment to listen. His heart beat fast. He could feel it thump, thump, thump against his jacket. But there was no sound except the breaking of twigs and the rustling of leaves under the heavy step of the cows.

"Home at last!" said Nathan.

His father heard him open the great gate, and came out with a light.

Nathan stood aside to let the cows go through the gateway. He always counted them as they went through.

One, two, three, four, five — one, two, three, four, five — Nathan rubbed his eyes. Then he counted again. One, two, three, four, five, six! Where did the sixth cow come from? Was it a cow? It looked more like a dog.

"Father!" cried Nathan. "Here's a bear with the cows!"

Mr. King laughed. He had opened the barn door. The cows were going in, one by one.

"What a boy you are!" he said. "You and Tom Shaw — why, it is a bear!"

Yes, it really was a bear. Mr. King swung the lantern close, to make sure.

When the bear saw the bright light, he turned slowly; then he went back through the gateway across the road, into the wood path.

"Let me get my gun!" cried Mr. King. "Take the lantern, Nathan!"

"Oh, don't shoot him, father!" begged Nathan. "Please don't shoot him. He came all the way through the woods with me, and he did not hurt me at all."

The boy was almost crying. He was holding his father's arm with both hands.

"Please don't shoot him!" he said again.

"Well," said Mr. King; "I don't like to let a bear go like that. He seems gentle enough, but he might do some harm. Where did you find him, Nathan?"

"I did not find him," said the boy, still holding fast his father's arm. "He must have been in the woods. I was counting the cows just now, and there he was! I wish you would let

him go. He was good to me when he might have hurt me. I think it would be mean to shoot him now."

"It is strange that the cows were not frightened," said Mr. King. "I suppose the old fellow was cold. He thought you looked as if you were a kind boy, Nathan."

Nathan knew that his father would not go after the bear now. He laughed gayly as he went into the barn.

"I wish Tom Shaw had been here," said he. "I think I shall come home by the road tomorrow night. I am not very fond of bears, after all."

## THE MAN ON THE CHIMNEY

FANNY E. COE

Once upon a time, some workmen were repairing the tall chimney of a factory. It was so tall that no ladder could reach its top, so the men went up and down on a rope. The rope passed through a pulley which was firmly fixed to the top of the chimney.

At last the work was ended. The workmen came down quickly, glad to be safe on the ground once more.

When the next to the last man reached the ground, by mistake he pulled the rope from the pulley. Then he looked back and saw another man standing alone on the chimney.

"Oh! what have I done!" he cried. "Poor fellow, what will become of him? He cannot get down! He will die!"

The workmen were so alarmed that they could think of no way to help their comrade. They stood helpless, looking first at the coil of rope at their feet and then at their friend high in the air.

"He will starve if he stays there, and he will be killed if he tries to climb down," they said sadly.

Just then the wife of the man appeared. She did not cry, scold, or fret. Instead, she said to herself, "What can I do to save him? There must be some way."

Soon a bright idea came to her, and she shouted to her husband: —

"John! John! Unravel your stocking! Begin at the toe!' '

John understood at once. He took off the coarse yarn stocking that she had knit for him, cut off the toe, and began to unravel the yarn.

When he had pulled out a long piece, he tied

the end around a small piece of brick. This he very carefully let down to the ground.

How eagerly the men below seized upon it. They fastened the yarn to a ball of twine which John's wife had brought. Then they shouted: —

"Pull up the yarn till you get the twine."

Soon John called to them: —

"I have it."

They next fastened the twine to a heavy rope and shouted: —

"Pull up the twine till you get the rope."

"All right," said John, and in a very few minutes he held the stout rope in his hand. With its aid, he let himself safely down to the ground. How they all cheered as his foot touched the earth!

Do you think he left the remnant of his stocking on the chimney-top? No, indeed. He brought it down, buttoned under his coat. It was a precious keepsake. He often showed it to his children, as he told them the wonderful story of how his life had been saved by their mother.

# POCAHONTAS [1]

E. A. AND M. F. BLAISDELL

POCAHONTAS was a beautiful Indian maiden, the daughter of the great chief, Powhatan, and she was so good and kind that she was loved by all the tribe over which her father ruled.

She lived in the forests of Virginia, with the birds and squirrels for her companions.

She was an Indian princess, but she learned to cook and to sew and to weave mats, just like the other Indian girls. She liked to embroider, too, and spent many happy hours decorating her dresses with the pretty colored shells and beads that were given to her father.

One day, when she was twelve years old, an Indian came to Powhatan and told him a white man had been captured and brought to the village.

"He is a wonderful man," said the scout. "He can talk to his friends by making marks on paper, and he can make a fire without a flint."

"Bring him here," said the chief, and Cap-

[1] From Blaisdell's *Child Life, Book Three*, published by The Macmillan Company.

tain John Smith was brought before Powhatan.

The chief received the prisoner in his wigwam, and talked with him, asking him many questions.

Captain Smith told the Indians that the earth was round, and that the sun chased the night around it. He said that the sun that set in the west at night was the same sun that rose in the east in the morning. He showed them his compass and told them how it guided him through the forest.

At last the Indians began to fear him, thinking that so wise and powerful a man might do them some harm. So, after holding him as a prisoner for many days, they decided to put him to death.

In the mean time Captain Smith and Pocahontas had become the best of friends. He told her many stories of his childhood in a land across the sea, — of the blue-eyed, fair-haired boys and girls, of their toys and games, their homes and schools, and how they learned to read and write.

So when Pocahontas learned that her dear friend must die, she felt very sad, and tried to think of some way of saving his life.

And she did save his life, for just as Captain Smith was to be killed, the child threw her

arms about his neck, and begged her father to spare the white man's life, for her sake.

Powhatan loved his little daughter, and wished to please her in everything, so he promised to set the prisoner free, and to send him at once to his friends.

Pocahontas often visited Captain Smith, and learned to know and love his friends. In later years she went to England to see the fair-haired boys and girls and the homes and schools he had told her about during his captivity.

## THE DAY KIT AND KAT WENT FISHING [1]

LUCY FITCH PERKINS

This is a story of Kit and Kat, twins who lived in Holland. Their real names were Christopher and Katrina, but their mother, Vrouw Vedder, says that they are not to be called Christopher and Katrina until they are four and a half feet high. So they are Kit and Kat while they are on the way to four and a half feet. Kit is the boy and Kat is the girl. Here is the story of the day they went fishing.

[1] From *The Dutch Twins*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

### *At Home*

One summer morning, very early, Vrouw Vedder opened the door of her little Dutch kitchen and stepped out.

She looked across the road which ran by the house, across the canal on the other side, across the level green fields that lay beyond, clear to the blue rim of the world, where the sky touches the earth. The sky was very blue; and the great, round, shining face of the sun was just peering over the tops of the trees, as she looked out.

Vrouw Vedder listened. The roosters in the barnyard were crowing, the ducks in the canal were quacking, and all the little birds in the fields were singing for joy. Vrouw Vedder hummed a slow little tune of her own, as she went back into her kitchen.

Kit and Kat were still asleep in their little cupboard bed. She gave them each a kiss. The Twins opened their eyes and sat up.

"O Kit and Kat," said Vrouw Vedder, "the sun is up, the birds are all awake and singing, and Grandfather is going fishing to-day. If you will hurry you may go with him! He is coming at six o'clock; so pop out of bed and get dressed. I will put up some lunch for you in the yellow basket, and you may dig

worms for bait in the garden. Only be sure not to step on the young cabbages that Father planted."

Kit and Kat bounced out of bed in a minute. Their mother helped them put on their clothes and new wooden shoes. Then she gave them each a bowl of bread and milk for their breakfast. They ate it sitting on the kitchen doorstep.

Soon Kit and Kat were digging for worms. They did just as their mother said, and did not step on the young cabbages. They sat on them, instead. But that was an accident.

Kit dug the worms, and Kat put them into a basket, with some earth in it to make them feel at home.

When Grandfather came, he brought a large fishing-rod for himself and two little ones for the Twins. There was a little hook on the end of each line.

Vrouw Vedder kissed Kit and Kat good-by.

"Mind Grandfather, and don't fall into the water," she said.

Grandfather and the Twins started off together down the long road beside the canal.

The house where the Twins lived was right beside the canal. Their father was a gardener, and his beautiful rows of cabbages and beets

and onions stretched in long lines across the level fields by the roadside.

Grandfather lived in a large town, a little way beyond the farm where the Twins lived. He did not often have a holiday, because he carried milk to the doors of the people in the town, every morning early. Sometime I will tell you how he did it; but I must not tell you now, because if I do, I can't tell you about their going fishing.

This morning, Grandfather carried his rod and the lunch-basket. Kit and Kat carried the basket of worms between them, and their rods over their shoulders, and they were all three very happy.

### *On the Dyke*

They walked along ever so far, beside the canal. Then they turned to the left and walked along a path that ran from the canal across the green fields to what looked like a hill.

But it was n't a hill at all, really, because there are n't any hills in Holland. It was a long, long wall of earth, very high, — oh, as high as a house, or even higher! And it had sloping sides.

There is such a wall of earth all around the country of Holland, where the Twins live.

There has to be a wall, because the sea is higher than the land. If there were no walls to shut out the sea, the whole country would be covered with water; and if that were so, then there would n't be any Holland, or any Holland Twins, or any story. So you see that it was very lucky that the wall was there. They called it a dyke.

Grandfather and Kit and Kat climbed the dyke. When they reached the top, they sat down a few minutes to rest and look at the great blue sea. Grandfather sat in the middle, with Kit on one side, and Kat on the other; and the basket of worms and the basket of lunch were there, too.

They saw a great ship sail slowly by, making a cloud of smoke.

"Where do the ships go, Grandfather?" asked Kit.

"To America, and England, and China, and all over the world," said Grandfather.

"Why?" asked Kat. Kat almost always said "Why?" and when she did n't, Kit did.

"To take flax and linen from the mills of Holland to make dresses for little girls in other countries," said Grandfather.

"Is that all?" asked Kit.

"They take cheese and herring, bulbs and butter, and lots of other things besides, and

bring back to us wheat and meat and all sorts of good things from the lands across the sea."

"I think I'll be a sea captain when I'm big," said Kit.

"So will I," said Kat.

"Girls can't," said Kit.

But Grandfather shook his head and said:—

"You can't tell what a girl may be by the time she's four feet and a half high and is called Katrina. There's no telling what girls will do, anyway. But, children, if we stay here we shall not catch any fish."

### *On the Pier*

They went down the other side of the dyke and out upon a little pier that ran from the sandy beach into the water.

Grandfather showed them how to bait their hooks. Kit baited Kat's for her, because Kat said it made her all wriggly inside to do it. She did not like it. Neither did the worm!

They all sat down on the end of the pier. Grandfather sat on the very end and let his wooden shoes hang down over the water; but he made Kit and Kat sit with their feet stuck straight out in front of them, so they just reached to the edge, — "So you can't fall in," said Grandfather.

They dropped their hooks into the water and sat very still, waiting for a bite. The sun climbed higher and higher in the sky, and it grew hotter and hotter on the pier. The flies tickled Kat's nose and made her sneeze.

"Keep still, can't you?" said Kit crossly. "You'll scare the fish. Girls don't know how to fish, anyway."

Pretty soon Kat felt a queer little jerk on her line. She was perfectly sure she did.

Kat squealed and jerked her rod. She jerked it so hard that one foot flew right up in the air, and one of her new wooden shoes went — splash! — right into the water!

But that was n't the worst of it! Before you could say Jack Robinson, Kat's hook flew around and caught in Kit's clothes and pricked him.

Kit jumped and said, "Ow!" And then — no one could tell how it happened — there was Kit in the water, too, splashing like a young whale, with Kat's hook still holding fast to his clothes in the back!

Grandfather jumped then, too, you may be sure. He caught hold of Kat's rod and pulled hard and called out, "Steady, there, steady!"

And in one minute there was Kit in the shallow water beside the pier, puffing and blowing like a grampus!

Grandfather reached down and pulled him up.

When Kit was safely on the pier, Kat threw her arms around his neck, though the water was running down in streams from his hair and eyes and ears.

"O Kit," she said, "I truly thought it was a fish on my line when I jumped!"

"Just like a g-g-girl," said Kit. "They don't know how to f-f-fish!" You see his teeth were chattering, because the water was cold.

"Well, anyway," said Kat, "I caught more than you did. I caught you!"

Then Kat thought of something else. She shook her finger at Kit.

"O Kit," she said, "Mother told you *not* to fall into the water!"

"'T-t-t-was all your fault," roared Kit. "Y-y-you began it! Anyway, where is your new wooden shoe?"

"Where are both of yours?" screamed Kat.

Sure enough, where were they? No one had thought about shoes, because they were thinking so hard about Kit.

They ran to the end of the pier and looked. There was Kat's shoe sailing away toward America like a little boat! Kit's were still bobbing about in the water near the pier.

"Oh! Oh! Oh!" shrieked Kat; but the tide was going out and carrying her shoe farther away every minute. They could not get it; but Grandfather reached down with his rod and fished out both of Kit's shoes. Then Kat took off her other one and her stockings, and they all three went back to the beach.

*On the Beach*

Grandfather and Kat covered Kit up with sand to keep him warm while his clothes were drying. Then Grandfather stuck the Twins' fish-poles up in the sand and tied the two lines together for a clothes-line, and hung Kit's clothes up on it, and Kat put their three wooden shoes in a row beside Kit.

Then they ate their luncheon of bread and butter, cheese and milk, with some radishes from Father's garden. It tasted good even if it was sandy. After lunch Grandfather said,—

"It will never do to go home without any fish at all."

So by and by he went back to the pier and caught one while the Twins played in the sand. He put it in the lunch-basket to carry home.

Kat brought shells and pebbles to Kit, because he had to stay covered up in the sand, and Kit built a play dyke all around himself

with them, and Kat dug a canal outside the dyke. Then she made sand-pies in clam-shells and set them in a row in the sun to bake.

They played until the shadows of the dyke grew very long across the sandy beach, and then Grandfather said it was time to go home.

He helped Kit dress, but Kit's clothes were still a little wet in the thick parts. And Kat had to go barefooted and carry her one wooden shoe.

They climbed the dyke and crossed the fields, and walked along the road by the canal. The road shone, like a strip of yellow ribbon across the green field. They walked quite slowly, for they were tired and sleepy.

By and by Kit said, "I see our house;" and Kat said, "I see Mother at the gate."

Grandfather gave the fish he caught to Kit and Kat, and Vrouw Vedder cooked it for their supper; and though it was not a very big fish, they all had some.

Grandfather must have told Vrouw Vedder something about what had happened; for that night, when she put Kit to bed, she felt of his clothes very carefully — but she did n't say a word about their being damp. And she said to Kat: "To-morrow we will see the shoemaker and have him make you another shoe."

Then Kit and Kat hugged her and said good-night, and popped off to sleep before you could wink your eyes.

## THE HONEST FARMER [1]

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

THERE was a war in Germany long ago and thousands of soldiers were scattered over the country. A captain of cavalry, who had a great many men and horses to feed, was told by his colonel that he must get food from the farms near by. The captain walked for some time through the lonely valley, and at last knocked at the door of a small cottage. The man who opened it looked old and lame. He leaned on a stick.

"Good day, sir," said the captain. "Will you kindly show me a field where my soldiers can cut the grain and carry it off for our army?"

The old man led the soldiers through the valley for about a mile, and in the distance they saw a field of barley waving in the breeze.

[1] From *Ethics for Children*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

"This is just what we want. We'll stop here," exclaimed the captain.

"No, not yet," said the old man. "You must follow me a little further."

After another mile or two, they came to a second field of barley. The soldiers alighted, cut down the grain, tied it in sheaves, and rode away with it.

Then the captain said to the old farmer: "Why did you make us walk so far? The first field of barley was better than this one."

"That is true, sir," answered the honest old man; "but it was not mine."

## DAMON AND PYTHIAS [1]

ELLA LYMAN CABOT

More than two thousand years ago two young men who were intimate friends lived in Sicily. Their names were Damon and Pythias.

The ruler of the country, named Dionysius, was a cruel man. He put Pythias in prison and set a day for his death. Pythias had done nothing wrong, but he had angered Dionysius.

The father and mother of Pythias lived far

[1] From *Ethics for Children*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

away. "May I go home to bid my father and mother good-by, and to arrange my affairs before I die?" asked Pythias.

The ruler laughed. "That is a strange request," said he. "Of course you would escape and you would never come back."

At that moment Damon stepped forward. "I am his friend," he said. "I will stay in prison till Pythias returns."

Then the ruler asked: "What will happen if Pythias does not return?"

"I will die for him," said Damon.

This surprised Dionysius very much. He put Damon in prison and Pythias went home. Weeks went by and Pythias did not return. At last the day of execution came, and Damon was led out to be put to death. He said: "Pythias will come if he is alive. I can trust him absolutely."

Just then soldiers ran up shouting: "Here he comes! Here he comes!"

Yes, there was Pythias, breathless with haste. He had been shipwrecked on his journey and had been cast on shore many miles away.

Dionysius was greatly moved. "You are both free," said he. "I would give all I have for one such friend. Will you let me become a friend to you both?"

# BLACK BEAUTY AND THE BRIDGE

ANNA SEWALL

One day late in the Autumn my master had a long journey to go on business. I was put into the dog-cart, and John went with his master. I always liked to go in the dog-cart, it was so light and the high wheels ran along so pleasantly.

There had been a great deal of rain, and now the wind was very high and blew the dry leaves across the road in a shower. We went along merrily till we came to the tollgate and the low wooden bridge.

When the river was full, the water came nearly up to the woodwork of the bridge, but as there were good strong rails on each side, people did not mind it.

The man at the gate said the river was rising fast, and he feared it would be a bad night. Many of the meadows were under water, and in one low part of the road, the water was halfway up to my knees; the bottom was good, but master drove gently, so it was no matter.

When we got to the town, of course I had a good lunch. My master's business took him

[1] From *Black Beauty: the story of a Horse.*

some time, and so we did not start for home till rather late in the afternoon. The wind was then much higher, and I heard the master say to John, he had never been out in such a storm. We were passing the skirts of a wood, where the great branches were swaying about like twigs, and the rushing sound was terrible.

"I wish we were well out of this wood," said my master.

"Yes, sir," said John, "it would be rather awkward if one of these branches came down upon us."

The words were scarcely out of his mouth when there was a groan, and a splitting sound, and an oak, torn up by the roots, fell right across the road just before us. I will never say I was not frightened, for I was. I stopped still, and I believe I trembled; of course I did not turn round or run away; I was not brought up to that. John jumped out and was at my head in a moment.

"That came very near," said my master. "What's to be done now?"

"Well, sir, we can't drive over that tree, nor yet get round it. We must go back to the four crossways, and that will be a good six miles before we get round to the wooden bridge again. It will make us late, but the horse is fresh."

So back we went and round by the cross-roads, but by the time we got to the bridge it was very nearly dark. We could just see that the water was over the middle of it, but as that happened sometimes when the floods were out, master did not stop. We were going along at a good pace, but the moment my feet touched the first part of the bridge, I felt sure that something was wrong. I dared not go forward, and I made a dead stop. "Go on, Beauty," said my master, and he gave me a touch with the whip, but I did not stir. He gave me a sharp cut; I jumped, but I dared not go forward.

"There's something wrong, sir," said John, and he sprang out of the dog-cart and came to my head and looked all about. He tried to lead me forward. "Come on, Beauty, what's the matter?" Of course I could not tell him, but I knew very well that the bridge was not safe.

Just then the man at the tollgate on the other side ran out of the house, tossing a torch about like one mad.

"Hoy, hoy, hoy! halloo! stop!" he cried.

"What's the matter?" shouted my master.

"The bridge is broken in the middle, and part of it is carried away. If you come on, you'll be into the river."

"Thank God!" said my master. "You Beauty!" said John, and took the bridle and gently turned me round to the right-hand road by the riverside. The sun had set some time; the wind seemed to have lulled off after that furious blast which tore up the tree. It grew darker and darker, stiller and stiller. I trotted quietly along, the wheels hardly making a sound on the soft road.

For a good while neither master nor John spoke, and then master began in a serious voice. I could not understand much of what they said, but I found they thought, if I had gone on as the master wanted me, most likely the bridge would have given way under us, and horse, chaise, master, and man would have fallen into the river. As the current was flowing very strongly, and there was no light and no help at hand, it was more than likely we should all have been drowned. *Master said that God had given men reason, by which they could find out things for themselves; but He had given animals knowledge which did not depend on reason, and which was much more prompt and perfect in its way, and by which they had often saved the lives of men.* John had many stories to tell of dogs and horses, and the wonderful things they had done; he thought people did not value their animals half enough nor

make friends of them as they ought to do. I am sure he makes friends of them if ever a man did.

At last we came to the park gates and found the gardener looking out for us. We saw a light at the hall door and at the upper windows, and as we came up, mistress ran out, saying, "Are you really safe, my dear? Oh! I have been so anxious, fancying all sorts of things. Have you had no accident?"

"No, my dear; but if your Black Beauty had not been wiser than we were, we should all have been carried down the river at the wooden bridge." I heard no more, as they went into the house, and John took me to the stable. Oh, what a good supper he gave me that night, a good bran mash and some crushed beans with my oats, and such a thick bed of straw! and I was glad of it, for I was tired.

## DAVID AND GOLIATH

### THE BIBLE

### I

Now the Philistines gathered together their armies to battle.

And the Philistines stood on a mountain on he one side, and Israel stood on a mountain

on the other side: and there was a valley between them.

And there went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span.

And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass.

And his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron: and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel, and said unto them, Why are you come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants to Saul? Choose you a man for you, and let him come down to me.

If he be able to fight with me, and to kill me, then will we be your servants: but if I prevail against him, then shall ye be our servants and serve us.

When Saul and all Israel heard these words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid.

## II

Now David was the son of Jesse; and Jesse had eight sons:

And the three eldest sons of Jesse went and followed Saul to the battle; and David was the youngest: he fed his father's sheep at Bethlehem.

And Jesse said unto David his son, Take now for thy brethren an ephah of this parched corn, and these ten loaves, and run to the camp to thy brethren;

And carry these ten cheeses unto the captain of their thousand, and look how thy brethren fare, and take their pledge.

And David rose up early in the morning, and left the sheep with a keeper, and took, and went, as Jesse had commanded him: and he came to the trench, as the host was going forth to the fight, and shouted for the battle.

And David left his carriage in the hand of the keeper of the carriage, and ran into the army, and came and saluted his brethren.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion (the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name) out of the armies of the Philistines, and spake according to the same words: and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And David said to Saul, Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine.

And Saul said to David, Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth.

And David said unto Saul, Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock;

And I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him.

David said moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, he will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine. And Saul said unto David, Go, and the Lord be with thee.

And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head; also he armed him with a coat of mail.

And David girded his sword upon his armor, and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it. And David said unto Saul, I cannot go with these; for I have not proved them. And David put them off him.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had,

even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand: and he drew near the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.

And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth and ruddy and fair of countenance.

And the Philistine said unto David, Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves? And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David, Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air, and to the beasts of the fields.

Then said David to the Philistine, Thou comest to me with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied.

This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee, and take thine head from thee; and I will give the carcasses of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air, and to the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel.

And all the assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear: for the

battle is the Lord's, and he will give you into our hands.

And it came to pass, when the Philistine arose, and came and drew nigh to meet David, that David hasted, and ran toward the army to meet the Philistine.

And David put his hand in his bag, and took thence a stone, and slung it, and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sunk into his forehead; and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine with a sling, and with a stone, and smote the Philistine, and slew him; but there was no sword in the hand of David.

Therefore David ran, and stood upon the Philistine, and took his sword, and drew it out of the sheath thereof, and slew him, and cut off his head therewith. And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

And the men of Israel and of Judah arose, and shouted, and pursued the Philistines, until thou come to the valley, and to the gate of Ekron: and the wounded of the Philistines fell down by the way.

And David took the head of the Philistine, and brought it to Jerusalem.

# LINCOLN'S UNVARYING KINDNESS

FANNY E. COE

Abraham Lincoln loved not only men, women, and children, but animals as well. If he saw an animal in trouble of any sort, he always stopped to aid it. Even in the most crowded day he found time to be merciful.

When Abraham was twenty-one he helped his father move out West. Other friends went, too. They packed their goods in large wagons drawn by oxen. It was quite a little company.

They started on their journey in February. The roads were heavy with frost and mud. There were no bridges, and so the streams must be forded. Again and again they had to break the ice to let the wheels pass.

At one of these fords a little dog was left behind on the farther shore. He ran up and down the bank and howled pitifully, but no one seemed to notice him. At last tall, bony Abe Lincoln turned.

The dog looked pleadingly at him. "Am I to be left behind to die in this wilderness?" his soft dark eyes seemed to say.

Lincoln hesitated. The water of the river was icy cold. However, he took off his shoes, turned up his trousers, and waded across. He caught up the shivering little animal who licked his hands and face in a very passion of gratitude.

When Lincoln set him down on the right side of the river, the little dog showed his gladness by leaping upon everyone and barking wildly.

"His frantic leaps of joy repaid me for what I had done," said Lincoln.

Years afterwards, when Lincoln was a busy lawyer, he was one day riding to court on horseback. With him were some friends of his who were also lawyers.

The small party had some distance to go. The day was warm and the roadsides were soft with spring mud.

Suddenly their gay talk was interrupted. "Cheep! cheep! cheep!" they heard. On the ground, not far from the roadside, two little birds lay in the grass. They had fallen from the nest in the tree above them. Their mother fluttered about, uttering pitiful cries.

"See those young robins that have fallen from their nest," said one man.

"That's too bad," said another. "They are sure to die down there."

"Some cat will get them," said a third.

On they went, but soon they missed Abraham Lincoln. They looked behind, but a turn of the road hid him from sight. "We can guess what kept him," laughed the leader. "He has stopped to put those robins back into their nest."

They were right. Abraham Lincoln was even then climbing the tree to the nest with the tiny birds cuddled tenderly in one big kind hand.

Soon he rejoined his friends. One of them raised his riding-whip and pointed at Lincoln's muddy boots. "Confess now, old Abe," he said, "was n't it those young robins that kept you?"

"We know you, old fellow!" said another.

"Yes, boys, you are right," Lincoln replied. "But if I had n't put those birds back into the nest, I should n't have slept a wink all night."

Here is another story of the great-hearted Lincoln. He passed a beetle one day that was sprawling upon its back. It was kicking hard in its efforts to turn over. Lincoln stooped and set it right. "Do you know," he said to the friend beside him, "I should n't have felt just right, if I'd left that bug struggling there. I wanted to put him on his feet and give him a chance with all the other bugs of his class."

Another time Lincoln and a party of other lawyers were riding from one town to another. In each place they stopped to hold court. Each lawyer wore his best clothes. Lincoln was most careful of his well-worn suit.

On the road the party passed a small pig that had fallen into a ditch. The poor little creature cried in a most pitiful fashion. At a bend of the road Lincoln drew rein. His friends rode on, but he returned. He jumped into the muddy ditch, lifted up the helpless pig, and placed him again on solid ground. Then he galloped after the others.

The splashes of mud told their own story. His friends laughed at the big man with the tender heart. "I could not do otherwise," said Lincoln.

## HOW MOLLY SPENT HER TEN CENTS [1]

ELIZA ORNE WHITE

Molly and Priscilla were two little cousins. They had been spending a week together at their grandmother's.

[1] From *When Molly was Six*, published by Houghton Mifflin Company.

When Molly was going home, the two little girls exchanged dimes. Each wished to have a remembrance of the other.

### *Molly's Start*

Molly meant to keep Priscilla's ten cents always, but she had not been at home many days before she received a letter from her cousin that changed her plans. Molly's mamma read it aloud.

Dear Molly, — I miss you very much. I cried the day you went, for it was so lonely. I have spent your ten cents. I meant to get pink and blue and yellow tissue paper, but the Fourth of July came and I got firecrackers instead. They are all gone now, but it was fun while they lasted. They made a splendid noise. I like firecrackers.

Please get something to remember me by on my birthday. As I have spent your ten cents, I want you to spend mine, and then we shall be even. My birthday is the eighth of July. I wish you were my sister.

Your loving cousin,

Priscilla Drayton.

"It is the eighth of July to-day, Molly dear," said Mrs. Benson.

"Then I think I had better go and look around in the shops."

"You will find a great variety of things at Fletcher's," said her mamma; "and if you like, you may go there all by yourself like a grown-up person."

This pleased Molly, and she put on her brown hat and started out with a little shopping bag that her Aunt Ruth had given her at Christmas. Her small purse was in the bottom holding her ten-cent piece. Just as she reached the gate, she saw Julia Esterhazy coming out of the big white house across the way.

"Where are you going, Molly?" Julia asked. "I was coming over to play with you."

"I am going down town shopping," said Molly.

"What are you going to buy?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know what you are going to buy?"

"It may be tissue paper, or it may be paper dolls' furniture, or it may be a new dress for Sylvia or Jane, but whatever it is, it must cost just ten cents."

Then Molly told Julia the story of the exchange of the dimes.

"I should get candy if it were mine," said Julia, "and then you can give me some."

"But I don't want to eat up my lovely present," said Molly.

### *Molly's Perplexities*

It was a warm day, and the two little girls were glad to get under the shelter away from the hot sun.

Fletcher's was a delightful shop. It had almost everything in it that anyone could want. In fact, it was so full of charming things that it was hard to make a choice.

Molly's eyes were fascinated by a card full of paper-doll children, and their pretty blue, red, and white dresses. There was a back and a front view of each little girl, to be cut out and pasted together so as to make a complete person. There were also on the same card a tennis racket and a hoop and a dear little doll's carriage for the paper-doll children to play with, and a shopping-bag and a green watering-pot. Molly was afraid that these children and their outfit would cost a great deal of money, and that she could not afford to buy them.

"How much are they?" she shyly asked the man behind the counter.

"Twelve cents and a half a card. They are cheap at that, for they came from Germany. Do you want one of these cards?"

Molly shook her head. "I only have ten cents," she answered with a sigh.

"I will call it ten cents, seeing that it is you," he said.

He was a pleasant man, with kind, gray eyes. "Ten cents is dirt cheap for two children and their entire wardrobe, not to mention playthings," he added.

"Yes, it is very cheap," said Molly.

Julia, meanwhile, had discovered some paper-doll furniture. One card was full of kitchen things, and another was devoted to parlor furniture, while a third displayed a bedroom set.

"How perfectly beautiful!" Molly said, as she looked at the little brown bureau with white-and-red bureau cover and the red pincushion full of pins.

"What a dear little rug!" said Julia, pointing to a charming brown coonskin rug.

"And look at the towels and the little towel-rack," said Molly.

"And the bed and washstand and the pretty blue screen," added Julia.

"See the brown chairs and the dear little brown clock. What fun it would be to cut them out, Julia!"

"Look at the parlor set," said Julia. "See the piano, and the red sofa and chairs, and the tall piano-lamp with its red shade."

"The kitchen is a dear place," said Molly. "See the table with a lobster on it in a dish, and the sweet little cooking-stove, and the pretty blue dishes in the cupboard; they all seem so real."

"See the spice-box," said Julia. "Pepper, nutmeg, c-i-n-n-a-m-o-n, cinnamon."

"Oh, look at that dear little pussy cat in the kitchen!" said Molly. "How much are these cards?" she asked.

"Ten cents apiece."

"Only ten cents! I don't know which I want the most."

"I should choose the parlor set," said Julia.

"I like the kitchen and the bedroom set the best, because we could have the most fun with them."

"The same things come at five cents a card in a smaller size," the man behind the counter stated.

"At five cents a card! Then I can have two of them, Julia! and I can send one of them to Priscilla, for poor Priscilla has spent all her money on firecrackers, and has n't anything to remember me by."

"I should keep them both," said Julia. "If she chose to spend her money on firecrackers, that is her lookout. We could have more fun with the kitchen and parlor furniture, too."

"Yes, we could," said Molly. "I must look around a little more before I decide," she added prudently. "Oh, Julia, see that pretty pink gingham with white spots on it! How becoming that would be to Sylvia! It takes only a half a yard for her clothes. How much is it for half a yard?"

"It is twenty-five cents a yard," the clerk replied.

"How much would that be for half a yard, Julia?"

"I don't know."

"We don't know how much it would be for half a yard," said Molly, appealingly.

"Well, I'll call it ten cents."

"Ten cents!" said Molly. She was almost sorry, for if it had cost more she could not have bought it, and it would have been a little easier to choose.

"Look at this sweet doll, Molly," said Julia, from the other end of the store. "A tiny doll and yet so prettily dressed. How much is it?"

"Ten cents."

"Everything is ten cents in this store," said Molly, in despair. "I can't ever decide; but I have so many dolls that I don't really need any more."

"Oh, Molly, see this!" and Julia paused

before a tall, round basket. A white card hung above it, and on this card was printed in large black letters: —

CHILDREN'S GRAB BASKET

5 cents a Grab

EACH ARTICLE FULLY WORTH 7 CENTS

Julia pushed up the cover of the basket, and she and Molly peeped in over the top. There were flat parcels to be seen and three-cornered parcels, and long ones and square ones, and they were all done up in tissue paper. There was something very interesting and mysterious about the grab basket. Those paper packages might have something in them even rarer and more beautiful than the paper dolls, or the furniture, or the pink gingham.

"You could have two grabs for ten cents," Julia suggested. "You could grab and I could grab, and I could give you my grab."

She was longing to know the contents of a certain interesting irregular parcel.

"The furniture is so sweet," said Molly, "and I am sure I want it."

"The paper dolls are sweet, too," said Julia.

"Yes, and so is the pink gingham. I shall *have* to grab to decide it."

Meanwhile a more important customer had come in with whom the clerk was absorbed, so Molly went over to him and handed him the ten cents.

"We have decided to have two grabs, and here is the money."

"All right. Did you say you would have silesia or percaline, madam?" he asked, turning to the other customer.

*Molly's Purchases*

"You grab first," said Julia.

Molly looked from the flat parcels to the three-cornered ones and could not decide which to choose.

"I think I will shut my eyes," she said, and she put in her hand at random and pulled out a small, flat parcel. She opened it eagerly, and took out a block of black paper, to be used as a slate, and a pencil with which to write on it. She was sadly disappointed, and felt very much like crying.

"It is a horrid thing," said Julia. "We don't want a paper slate when you have that nice blackboard. You were very silly to shut your eyes. I shall choose with my eyes open. I am going to take that queer thing that looks as if it might be a doll."

She took out the enticing-looking package

and began to untie the string, and presently drew forth a pink-and-white-and-green china vase of a hideous shape. It was too large for dolls, and too small for people, and too ugly to please either.

"That grab bag is perfectly horrid," said Julia.

Molly was sure that she had never been so unhappy. She knew, now that it was too late, that she wanted the paper-doll furniture more than anything in the whole world. The little girls were very sober all the way home. When they reached Molly's gate, Julia handed over the vase.

"Take the old thing," she said. "You have got something to remember Priscilla by always now, and you can send the paper slate to her."

"Well, what did you buy, dear?" her mamma asked cheerfully, as Molly came into the parlor.

The little girl found it hard to keep back her tears. Her Aunt Mary and her brother Turner were sitting there, too. She felt it would have been easier to confess her folly to her mother alone.

She held up the vase and the paper block silently.

"The block was a sensible choice," said

her mamma, "but I don't see why you chose the vase."

"I did n't choose either of them," Molly burst out. "We grabbed and we got them."

"In short, they chose you," said Turner.

Then the little girl told the whole story. "I *did* want the paper-doll furniture so much," she ended.

"Why did n't you buy it, then?" asked her aunt.

"Because we thought it would be more fun to grab."

"This will be a very good lesson for you, Molly," said her aunt. "It is never well to spend money unless you are sure what you are spending it for. I am sorry for you, but you will never be so foolish again."

"There will be time to go to Fletcher's before tea," said Turner. "I will go with you, and we will pretend the dime I have was Priscilla's and you shall choose what you want all over again."

Molly danced up and down with pleasure, and she and Turner went to Fletcher's together. This time she made her choice very quickly, for she knew just what she wanted. She bought the bedroom set and the kitchen furniture. She remembered Julia's words: "I should keep them both. If Priscilla chose

to spend her money on firecrackers, that is her lookout."

But now she herself had spent her money foolishly. If Turner had thought as Julia did, that nobody who had made an unwise investment ought to have anything given her, she would never have had the dear paper-doll furniture. So she kept the kitchen set and sent the bedroom set to Priscilla.

## HANS AND HIS DOG [1]

MAUD LINDSAY

### *The Golden Coin*

FAR away across the sea, in a country called Switzerland, there once lived a little boy whose name was Hans.

Switzerland is a wonderful country, full of beautiful snowy mountains, where gleaming ice-fields shine, and dark pine forests grow.

Hans lived with his aunt and his uncle in a village up among these mountains. He could not remember any other home, for his father and his mother had died when he was a little baby, and his aunt and his uncle, who had not

[1] From *More Mother Stories*, published by Milton Bradley Company.

a child of their own, had taken care of him ever since.

Hans's uncle was a guide. He showed the safest ways and best paths to the travelers, who came from all over the world to see the mountains.

Every summer the little town where Hans lived was full of strangers. Some of them came in carriages, some on foot; some were rich, some were poor; but all of them wanted to climb to the mountain-tops, where the snows are always white and dazzling against the blue sky.

The paths over the mountains are slippery and dangerous, leading across the ice-fields by cracks and chasms most fearful to see. The travelers dared not climb them without some one to show the way, and nobody in the village knew the way so well as Hans's uncle.

The uncle was so brave and trusty that he was known throughout the whole country, and everybody who came to the mountains wanted him as guide.

One day a Prince came, and no sooner had he rested from his journey than he sent for the uncle.

That very day Hans was five years old, and so his uncle told him that because it was his birthday, he, too, might go to see the Prince.

This was a great treat for Hans, and his aunt made haste to dress him in his best clothes.

"You must be good," she told him a dozen times before he set out with his uncle to the hotel where the Prince was staying.

When they got there they found everything in a bustle, for the place was full of fine ladies and gentlemen who had come with the Prince, and the servants were hurrying here and there to wait on them.

Nobody even saw the little boy, in holiday clothes, who tiptoed so quietly over the beautiful carpets. Nobody, I should say, but the Prince; for after the Prince had finished his business with Hans's uncle, he smiled at Hans and asked his name and how old he was. Hans was very proud to say that he was five years old that very day; and when the Prince heard this he took a gold-piece from his purse and gave it to Hans.

"This is for a birthday present," he said, "and you must buy what you want most."

### *The Silver Chain*

Hans could scarcely believe his own eyes. He ran every step of the way home, to show the gold-piece to his aunt; and, when she saw it, she was almost as pleased as he was.

"You must buy something that you can keep always," she said. "What shall it be? — A silver chain!" she cried, clasping her hands at the thought of it. "A silver chain to wear upon your coat when you are a man, and have, perhaps, a watch to hang upon it! 'T will be a fine thing to show — a silver chain that a Prince gave you!"

Hans was not certain that he wanted a chain more than anything else, but his aunt was very sure about it; so she gave the gold-piece to a soldier cousin, who bought the chain in a city where he went to drill before the very Prince who had given Hans the money.

When the chain came, the aunt called all the neighbors to see it. "The Prince himself gave the child the money that bought it," she said over and over.

Hans thought the chain very fine; but after he had looked at it awhile he was quite willing that his aunt should put it away in the great chest where she kept the holiday clothes and the best tablecloths.

The chain lay there so long that Hans felt sorry for it, and wondered if it did not get lonely. He got lonely often himself, for there was nobody to play with him at his own home, and his aunt did not encourage him to play

with other children. She liked a quiet house, she said, and she supposed that everybody else did.

Hans made no more noise than a mouse. He stayed a great deal in the stable with the cows. The cows and he were good friends. One of them, the oldest of all, had given milk for him when he was a baby, and he never forgot to carry her a handful of salt at milking-time.

He often thought that he would rather have bought a cow with the gold-piece than a silver chain; but he did not tell anybody, for fear of being laughed at.

Once he asked his aunt to let him play with the silver chain; but she held up her hands in amazement at the thought of such a thing. So the chain lay in the dark chest, as I have said, for a long time — nearly a year.

Then there was a great festival in the town, and the aunt took the chain from its wrappings and fastened it about Hans's neck with a ribbon.

She and Hans had on their best clothes, and all the village was prepared for a holiday.

Flags were flying, fiddlers were playing gay tunes on their fiddles, and the drummer boy kept time on his drum and made a great noise.

In the middle of the village square was a

merry-go-round, which Hans and the other children liked best of all.

"If you are good, you shall ride," said Hans's aunt, as she hurried him on to the place where the strong men of the village were lifting great stones to show their strength. Then the swift runners ran races, and the skillful marksmen shot at targets.

*The Saint Bernard Dog*

Oh! Hans was tired before he saw half the sights; and he wished that his aunt would remember about the merry-go-round. He did not like to worry her, though, so he sat down on a doorstep to rest, while she talked to her friends in the crowd.

By and by a man with a covered basket came and sat down beside him. He put the basket down on the step, and Hans heard a queer little grumbling sound inside. "Oh! yes," said the man, "you want to get out."

"Row, row!" said the thing in the basket.

When the man saw how surprised Hans looked, he lifted the lid of the basket and let him peep in. What do you think was in the basket? The dearest baby puppy that Hans had ever seen.

"There," said the man, shutting down the lid, "there is the finest Saint Bernard dog in

Switzerland. Do you know anybody who might want to buy him?"

"Are you going to sell him?" asked Hans.

"Yes, indeed," said the man. "How would you like to buy him yourself?"

"I!" said Hans. "Oh! I would rather have him than anything else in the world; but I have n't any money. I have n't anything of my own but this silver chain."

"Is that yours?" asked the man. "It is a very fine chain."

"Oh, yes," cried Hans. "But I would a thousand times rather have a dog."

"Well, then," said the man, "if you are sure that the chain is yours, and if you want the dog so much, I'll let you have him for it, although he's worth a fortune."

And so, in less time than I take to tell it, the chain was off Hans's neck and the dog was in his arms.

Then he ran to find his aunt. "Oh, Aunt!" he called, even before he reached her, "look at this beautiful dog. He is my very own. The man let me have him for my silver chain."

"Your silver chain!" cried his aunt angrily, coming to meet him in haste. "Your silver chain! What do you mean, you stupid child? Not the silver chain that was bought

for your birthday? Not the silver chain that the Prince gave you? A nice bargain, indeed! Where is the man?" and, catching the child by the hand, she hurried back through the crowd so fast that he almost had to run to keep up with her. The great tears rolled down Hans's cheeks and on to the dog's back, but his aunt did not notice them. She scolded and scolded as she made her way back to the doorstep.

When they got there, the man was nowhere to be seen, and nobody could tell them which way he had gone. So, although they looked for him until almost dark, they had to go home without finding him.

Hans still carried the dog in his arms, and all the neighbors they met stopped to ask if silly Hans had really given his silver chain for a dog, as they had heard.

His aunt had a great deal to say to them, but Hans said nothing at all. He only hugged the dog closer, and wondered how long it would be before he would have to give him up.

But Hans's aunt let him keep the dog in spite of her scolding. "A dog is better than nothing," she said.

Hans named him Prince, for, after all, the dog was the Prince's birthday present.

At first Prince did nothing but sleep and eat. Then he began to grow, oh! so fast.

By the time he had lived two years in the house he was a great, fine dog, with long, thick hair and soft, loving eyes. He was very beautiful. All the travelers who came in the summer to see the mountains said so, and even Hans's aunt thought so, although she did not love the dog.

Hans was never lonely after Prince came. Even at night they stayed together; and in the winter Hans would put his arms about his friend's shaggy neck and sleep close beside him to keep warm.

The winters are very cold in the country where Hans lived. The winds whistle through the pine trees, and the snow comes down for days, till the valleys are as white as the mountain-tops.

Few travelers go to the mountains then. They are afraid of the bad roads, and of the snow, which sometimes slides in great masses, burying everything in its way.

Hans's uncle knew many stories of travelers who had been lost in the snow, and he told, too, of some good men, living in the mountains, who sent their dogs out to find and help people who were lost; — "dogs like our Prince here," he would say; and Hans would

hug Prince and say: "Do you hear? Your uncles and cousins and brothers save people out of the cold snow."

Prince would bark sharply whenever Hans told him this, just as if he were proud. He knew all about travelers, and snow, for, often, Hans's uncle took him on short trips over the mountains.

Hans always let him go, willingly, with his good uncle; but one day when his soldier cousin (the one who had bought the silver chain in the city) asked if he might take the dog with him for a day, Hans was very sorry to let Prince go.

"Fie!" said his aunt, when she saw his sorrowful face. "What harm could come to a great dog like that?"

But Hans was not satisfied. All day long his heart was heavy, and when, in the afternoon, the little white snowflakes came flying down he watched for the return of his soldier cousin and the dog with anxious eyes.

After a long while he heard great laughing and talking on the road, and he ran out to see who was coming.

It was the soldier cousin with a party of friends, and they laughed still more when they saw Hans.

"Little Hans! Little Hans!" cried one of

them, "this fine cousin of yours has forgotten your dog."

"Forgotten my dog!" said Hans. "What do you mean?"

"He was asleep behind the stove at the inn," said the soldier cousin, who looked very much ashamed of himself.

"And he never missed him until now," cried the friends. "Think of that — a great dog like Prince!"

Hans looked from one to another with tears in his eyes; but they were all too busy with their joking to notice him. Only the soldier cousin, who was really sorry for his carelessness, tried to comfort him.

"He'll be here," he said, patting Hans on the head, "by milking-time, I warrant; for he is wise enough to take care of himself anywhere."

"Wiser than you," laughed the rest; and they all went off merrily, leaving the little boy standing in the road.

He scarcely saw them go, for he was thinking of the night so near at hand, and the winds and the snow-slides. How could the dear dog find his way through the darkness alone?

"I will go for him in the morning, if he does not come home to-night," called the soldier cousin.

But morning seemed very far away to the dog's anxious little master, and the big tears began to roll down his cheeks.

Just then a thought sprang into his mind, as thoughts will. "Why not go yourself for him, now?" was the thought.

### *The Rescue*

Hans clapped his hands joyfully. Of course he could go. He knew the way, for he had been to the inn only the summer before with his uncle.

The loud winds whistled, and the snowflakes kissed his cheeks and his nose; but he thought of his playmate and started out bravely.

"Moo! moo!" called the old cow from the stable. Hans knew her voice. "Bring me my salt," she seemed to say.

"When I come back," he answered, as he struggled up the frozen road.

He was very cold, for he had even forgotten his cap in his haste; but the snowflakes powdered his hair till he looked as if he wore a white one.

He could scarcely pucker up his mouth to whistle. His feet were numb and his fingers tingled, and the wind sang in his ears till he was as sleepy as sleepy could be.

"I'll sit down and rest," said Hans to himself, "and then I can go faster." But when he sat down he could not keep his eyes open, and before many minutes he was fast asleep and lay in a little dark heap on the white snow.

"Let's cover him up," said the snowflakes, hurrying down; but before they had time to whiten his clothes a great big beautiful Saint Bernard dog came bounding down the road.

It was Prince. He had waked up from his nap behind the stove, and hastened after the soldier cousin as fast as his four feet could carry him. He was not afraid of the night or the snow, and he was as warm as toast in his shaggy coat.

He was thinking of Hans as he hurried along — when, suddenly, he spied him lying there so still by the roadside.

In an instant the good dog sprang to the child's side, barking furiously, for every dog in Switzerland knows that those who sleep on snow pillows seldom wake up.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" he barked, loud and long. "Bow-wow! Bow-wow!" which meant in his language, "Little master, wake up!"

But Hans was dreaming of the mountains where the travelers went, and did not hear.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Wake up! Wake up!" called the dog; and he licked Hans's face and tugged at his coat, pulling him along with his strong teeth.

"You can't wake him up," said the wind.

"Bow-wow! I can," barked Prince; and he ran down the road and called for help: "Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

The sound of his voice reached the village, where everything was as quiet as the snow itself. The cows heard it first and mooed in their stalls. The soldier cousin heard it, on his way to Hans's house, where he was going to find out whether Prince had come back. Hans's uncle and aunt heard it as they searched through the house for their little boy. The neighbors heard it, and opened their doors to listen.

"Bow-wow! Bow-wow! Come here! Come here!"

"Something is wrong," said the people; and they all hurried out of their houses, away from their fires and their suppers, up the mountain-side, till they came to the spot where the faithful dog kept guard over his little master.

Hans's uncle never tired of telling how Prince saved Hans. He tells it on the long

winter evenings when the winds whistle through the pines, and he tells it in the summer to the travelers as they climb the mountains.

Hans thinks it is more beautiful than a fairy-story, and so does his aunt; for ever since that snowy night she has been ready to agree that the dear dog is better than all the silver chains in the world.

# KEY TO PRONUNCIATION

ā, as in fāte
ă, " " ăm
ä, " " ärm
*ȧ*, " " *so′fȧ*

ē, as in ēve
ĕ, " " ĕ-vent′
ĕ, " " ĕnd
ẽ, " " ev′ẽr
*ĕ*, " " *re′cĕnt*

ī, as in īce
ĭ, " " ĭll

ō, as in ōld
ŏ, " " ŏ-bey′
ŏ, " " ŏdd
*ŏ*, " " *cŏn-nect′*
o͞o, " " fo͞od

ū, as in ūse
ŭ, " " ŭ-nite′
ŭ, " " ŭrn
ŭ, " " ŭp
*ŭ*, " " *cir′cŭs*

# PROPER NAMES

| | |
|---|---|
| Abraham | ā′brȧ-hăm |
| Anders | ăn′dẽrz |
| Apollo | ȧ-pŏl′-ō |
| Athene | ȧ-thē′nē |
| | |
| Blarney | blär′nĭ |
| Bellerophon | bĕ-lĕr′ō-fŏn |
| | |
| Ceres | sē′rēz |
| Chimæra | kĭ-mē′rȧ |
| Christopher | krĭs′tō-fẽr |
| Coralie | kŏr′ă-lĭ |
| Cupid | kū′pĭd |
| | |
| Damon | dā′mŏn |
| Daphne | dăf′nē |
| Diana | dī-ăn′ȧ |
| Dionysius | dī-ō-nĭsh′ĭ-ŭs |
| | |
| Ekron | ĕk′rŭn |
| Esterhazy | ĕs′tẽr-hä-zē |
| | |
| Germany | jûr′mă-nĭ |
| Goliath | gō-lī′ăth |
| | |
| Hannibal | hăn′ĭ-băl |
| | |
| Israel | ĭz′rā-ĕl |
| | |
| Jesse | jĕs′ ē |
| Judah | jo͞o′dȧ |
| Jupiter | jo͞o′pĭ-tẽr |

| | |
|---|---|
| Lycia | lĭsh′ĭ-*ȧ* |
| Mars | märz |
| Mercury | mûr′kŭ-rĭ |
| Narcissus | när-sĭs′ŭs |
| Neptune | nĕp′tūn |
| Olympus | ō-lĭm′pŭs |
| Orion | ō-rī′ŏn |
| Pegasus | pĕg′*ȧ*-sŭs |
| Peleus | pē′lūs |
| Penobscot | pē-nŏb′skŏt |
| Philistines | fĭ-lĭs′tĭns |
| Pluto | plo͞o′tō |
| Pocahontas | pō′kȧ-hŏn′tȧs |
| Powhatan | pou′hȧ-tăn |
| Priscilla | prĭ-sĭl′*ȧ* |
| Proserpine | Prŏs′ẽr-pĭn; pēn |
| Pythias | pĭth′ĭ-ȧs |
| Rhoda | rō′dȧ |
| Rhœcus | rē′kŭs |
| Sirius | sĭr′ĭ-ŭs |
| Solomon | sŏl′ō-mŭn |
| Sylvia | sĭl′vĭ-*ȧ* |
| Tasso | tăs′ō |
| Vedder | vĕd′ẽr |
| Vulcan | vŭl′kăn |

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